National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

FEDERAL LEGISLATION DEMANDED FOR THE PROTECTION OF SLAVERY.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

THE present state of Federal legislation is entirely inadequate for the thorough and effectual protection of slave property in the Territories. The Kansas-Nebraska act gives the people of a Territory full power to legislate for themselves, subject only to the limitations prescribed by the Federal Constitution. The Dred Scott decision demonstrates that the Constitution of the United States denies to a Territorial Legislature the power to prohibit slavery.

Thus slavery cannot be *prohibited* in a territory. But how can it be *protected*? The Kansas act does not protect it. That law does not make it imperative on a Territorial Legislature to provide "local police regulations, furnishing remedies and means of enforcing the right to hold slaves." Under the present state of Federal legislation, there are no special remedies and means of enforcement provided for the security of the constitutional rights of the South in this respect. Slave property is left to the more general regulations of the Federal code, embracing every species of property. The experience of every slave State in the Union demonstrates that such general provisions are altogether inadequate for the security of slave property. Slavery is not a mere institution of property. It is in itself a separate element of patriarchal government—a social element in another sense than that in which property can be so considered. It has a direct influence on the relations of families, neighborhoods and political communities. Peculiar in its nature, it requires a peculiar adaptation of municipal law for its healthy maintenance. Take a single example. A settler goes to one of our Western territories which happens to have an anti-slavery Legislature. His slave is persuaded away from him by some underground agent, whom he afterwards identifies as the malefactor. What can he do? He consults his lawyer, who tells him that he will be obliged to frame a new action on the case, for which there is, in all probability, no precise precedent—and thus trust to a civil suit to recover in special damages the value of his slave. The wrong-doer may be a bankrupt—or the plaintiff may be altogether unable to produce evidence as to the value of the slave. At best, he will be sure to find the civil suit long contested and expensive, and finally comes out *minus* only his lawyer's fee, in consequence of a purse being made up by an abolition society to protect the defendant from loss. The latter becomes oftentimes more enthusiastic than ever in the cause of underground railroads, and the plaintiff inwardly resolves never again to trust to a civil suit for the protection of slave property. He loses another slave, and again consults a legal adviser—this time, with a view to institute criminal process against the person who has furnished his slave with money and letters by which he has been enabled to escape to a free State. No such process can be instituted. Why not? Congress has passed no law under which this can be recognized as a criminal offence, or even as a misdemeanor. The whole matter of providing such legislation has been left to the uncontrolled action of the Territorial Legislature, as it was done by the Kansas act. And the Territorial Legislature has done nothing at all. But can't the Territorial Legislature be *compelled* to pass such laws? By no means. Congress, the Supreme Court or the President may prevent the passage or the execution of any unconstitutional law by territorial authority. But neither of these can, by any means in their power, oblige the Territorial Legislature to pass any law whatever, however constitutional or necessary in its character.

Thus it is that a Territorial Legislature may, notwithstanding the full recognition of the Dred Scott decision and the Kansas-Nebraska act, by lawful means, practically exclude slavery from a Territory before it becomes a State. We say this may be done *by lawful means*. This should be properly understood. We do not say, nor does Senator Douglas say, that protection may be thus withheld from slave property, without a violation of the spirit of the Constitution. The point to be considered is, where does the burden of this violation by omission finally rest? Not with the Territorial Legislature. That body may fairly and legally refuse to accept a responsibility which Congress itself declines to incur. Members of Congress have no right to shift this responsibility from their own shoulders to that of their Territorial delegates. The Constitution requires that slave property shall be protected in the Territories, and it is the business of Congress to furnish this protection directly and immediately. If members of Congress attempt to avoid this responsibility, and then attempt to complain of a similar avoidance on the part of Territorial authorities, the latter can meet them with the prompt and conclusive rejoinder, "do it yourselves!"

This is the state of affairs demonstrated by Senator Douglas's Freeport speech. And this is all. He has come forward boldly to point out to Southern men the exact locality and nature of the nuisance to which they are subjected. He has proclaimed the truth that the Kansas-Nebraska act and the Dred Scott decision are of themselves insufficient for the protection of slave property in the Territories.

Have we no reason to be thankful for this honest lesson? It is true teaching, and it behooves Southern men to heed the only just conclusion to be drawn from it. *Congress must intervene to protect slavery in the Territories.* Let us put our shoulder to the wheel, and labor earnestly, faithfully and prudently for the consummation of this constitutional necessity.

From the same.

The right of property in slaves, in the States, is now placed practically, as well as legally, beyond the reach of Federal legislative encroachment. But in the Territories the case is different. It is not sufficient that the decision of the Supreme Court prevents Congress and all its delegates from the prohibition of slavery in a Territory. *There must be positive legislative enactment; a civil and criminal code for the protection of slave property in the Territories ought to be provided.* To a limited extent, this is already provided. In every Territory containing a majority of pro-slavery men, the power of the Territorial Legislature is all-sufficient for the purpose. In other Territories, it at least is doubtful whether the Legislatures will exercise this power, and there is no power elsewhere to compel such exercise. In such a case of omission, and under the present state of Federal legislation, much, if not all, must depend on the loyalty and efficiency of the President of the United States. He it is who appoints the Territorial executive and judiciary. *It will be the province of this judiciary to protect slave property, as far as possible, under the laws of the Federal code for the protection of property generally, and it will be the business of the Territorial executive to uphold and enforce the authority of the judiciary.* It will be the duty of the President to hold both functionaries to a zealous performance of their several offices. Hence, *the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency should be pledged to the protection of slave property in all the Territories.*

And we go further. It is very desirable that Congress should pass additional laws for the protection of slave property in the Territories. This would not operate to force slavery upon an unwilling people. It would simply protect slave property wherever it was actually found—it would not prevent the prohibition of slavery when a people came to form a State Constitution; in short, it would secure every constitutional right without arbitrarily attempting to contravene climatory laws, and would remove forever the discussion of slavery from the halls of the Federal Legislature.

From The Charleston (S. C.) News.

If the Constitution confers upon slavery the right to go there [to the Territories], as according to the Kansas-Nebraska bill and the Dred Scott decision it does, then it also imposes the duty of protecting that right, and *this cannot be done without positive pro-slavery legislation and* A FEDERAL SLAVE-CODE FOR THE TERRITORIES.

From The New York Day-Book.

Of course, the people of a Territory, when they frame their State Constitution, may adopt or exclude "slavery"; *but while they are a Territory*, if they fail to protect property invested in the person or industrial capacity of the negro, they grossly violate equal rights, and therefore are *not authorized to consider themselves Democrats.* The whole question is resolved into this simple right or no right to *protection to slave property in the Federal Territories*, and, as the Charleston *News* suggests, *it must constitute the issue of* 1860.

Selections.

FRANK BLAIR AND HIS SLAVES.

From The Sycamore (Ill.) Republican.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 6, 1858.

C. W. WAITE, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I have received your kind note and copy of the newspaper called *The De Kalb County Sentinel*, which you were good enough to send me. You desire to know whether the statement contained in that paper, to the effect that I am the owner of thirty slaves, is true or not. The statement is *not true.* I am the owner of a few slaves, *most of them being purchased by me to prevent them from being separated from their families;* and *I have emancipated more than I now own.* The doctrine I advocate will, if successful, give freedom to all the slaves in Missouri, my own included, and I should consider this great boon cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of whatever interest I have in that species of property.

I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, neither do I know the editor of *The De Kalb County Sentinel.* Your desire to justify me from his malicious attack, while it entitles you to my thanks, will, I fear, prove a waste of time and ink. If, instead of being a Southern man and a slaveholder, I had been the opposite, and opened my mouth to speak on the subject of emancipation, I should have been denounced by the Negro Democrats as an Abolitionist. But occupying the position of most persons reared as I have been with reference to the institution of slavery, it is necessary to demagogue on the other tack, and to argue that I am insincere in the doctrines I advocate, because I am the owner of a few slaves. These people forget that the advocates of emancipation have in almost every instance been slaveholders. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Jay of New York, and Henry Clay, were all slaveholders—they were all advocates of emancipation, and would all be hypocrites according to the logic of the "Negro Democracy" of the day. The truth is that emancipation is urged by some from religious and conscientious scruples on the subject of slaveholding, by others from considerations of economy, and by others again from political considerations. All of these different views are well worthy of being weighed, and, as they all tend to the same object, I cannot see why those who urge emancipation on one ground should take issue with those who advocate it from other motives. For my part, I have always given greater weight to the objection arising from political considerations, holding as I do that the institution is hostile to all true Democracy, and that its irresistible tendency is to build up an oligarchy and subvert our Republican Government. The idea of liberating the slaves and allowing them to remain in this country is one that will never be tolerated. Whenever emancipation is broached in a slave State, the advocates of slavery commence raising a howl that the object is to liberate the slaves and put them on an equality with the white people; and in this way many laboring men are misled, and take the side of an institution which is absolutely hostile to their best interests. It was for this reason that I put forward in Congress the views I have always held on this subject, in favor of colonizing our free negroes in Central America, to be protected there by the power of this Government, and guaranteed in all their political rights. I take the liberty of sending you my speech on this subject, in order that you may see the precise ground upon which I place the matter. Although it was perfectly notorious that I hold these views, it did not prevent my opponent from misrepresenting me, and from appealing to the prejudice of those who feared that the negroes were to be put upon an equality with the white men; and it is folly to suppose that those who maintain this odious system will ever hesitate to support it by falsehoods as odious as the system itself.

Respectfully, FRANK P. BLAIR, JR.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From The (London) Daily News.

OUR Colonial Secretary is probably aware that the best explanations of the errand of Mr. Dalton to Jamaica will be found not in any speeches made at Kingston, but in the newspapers of Mr. Dalton's country. Some half-dozen paragraphs in the American journals before us make Mr. Dalton's aims as those of his employers clear to us as if that gentleman were seated before us, with a window in his breast. The *Trenton Gazette* informs us that in Cleveland County, North Carolina, a grand jury recently presented free negroes as a nuisance to society. The method of abating this nuisance is precisely the same as that proposed a quarter of a century ago, when a champion of the Colonization Society said of the free negroes—"Here they are nuisances; there they will be missionaries." The North Carolina reformers "recommend that all the free negroes within the State be compelled to leave its borders, or be sold for the benefit of the literary fund." The slave States are forever trying to compel the free negroes to leave their borders; and the neighboring States as often try to push them back again. It would be an immense relief to drive them all to the West India islands, or anywhere out of eye and ear shot of the slaves. The cool proposal to sell these free people shows the local pressure of the embarrassment. It is an empty threat, so far as open sale in the slave market is concerned; but something might be made, even in hard cash, of deporting them to Jamaica. But what can the Literary Fund be which is to be supported at the cost of selling free men and women into slavery?

This, we believe, is one of the remarkable features of the case. The institution of slavery is in so ricketty a condition, through the slanders of all free countries, that the rising generation must have a special education to fit them to sustain it under its adversities. They must have a special literature, because there is scarcely a European, Canadian or New England book which does not suppose men to be men, under all conditions. A committee of Southern doctors is, therefore, organized to create and foster an indigenous literature which shall not put embarrassing ideas before the minds of young slaveholders. The South will grow its own books, as England once grew her own corn, and as New England likes to weave her own "domestics." The difference is that in the corn and calico cases the production was the result of private enterprise; whereas, in the literary case, society is to be taxed to raise the capital required for the production. North Carolina is extremely poor, by her own account. According to others, she has little taste for literature. Again, she finds herself visited by a considerable number of European immigrants, who make a fair living out of her waste lands and pine forests; and such laborers, though dangerous neighbors to a slave plantation, are less troublous than free negroes. Putting all these things together, the grand jury of Cleveland County may naturally suppose that they would mend their case on every side, if they could sell off the free negroes to New Orleans, and raise thereby the tax due from their State for the creation of a new literature.

But there are more facts in other newspapers. The Mobile journals tell us that the Sheriff of Sumpter County, Alabama, has sold great bargains in flesh, the particulars of which are given. Few attended the sale, and fewer wanted to buy, so reduced is the value of slaves at present. When free negroes are pressed upon foreign colonies by the Dalton order of emissaries, it is a sign that "likely boys" and "valuable laundresses, with healthy infants," are going at a low figure. So we may go on to the next symptom. On the 2d of August, the free people of color held conventions throughout the free States, showing their resolution to make themselves heard and considered at a time of crisis which they well understand. It is evident that their neighbors and the public are surprised and deeply impressed by the ability and spirit manifested on that portentous day, and especially in the greatest of the conventions—that of Massachusetts, held at New Bedford. At this moment our business with the demonstration relates to the one particular which we commend to Mr. Dalton's employers in America, and his enthusiastic hosts in Jamaica. There were two resolutions which seem to have been agreed to with devout enthusiasm over the length and breadth of the Northern States—that the free people of color despise and defy the Dred Scott decision, taking their stand on the argument of the dissenting Judge, Curtis; and that they will resist every attempt to drive or inveigle them to any foreign country, whether it be Liberia, Central America, the West India Islands, or any place whatever out of the Union. It is observable that these decisions are sympathized in, more or less heartily, by the journals which record them. It is far from surprising, say the writers, that these people choose to remain where many of them have acquired wealth; where all can rise, if they choose, to a position in which the Dred Scott decision will become a dead letter; where schools and colleges, and the learned professions and higher arts of life are rapidly opening before them; and where patriotism and inclination alike sanction the duty they choose—of proving "that freedom is its own justification and apology." The work was in fact achieved by the spirited men of their color who undertook the public school question at Boston. They demanded public school rights for their children—separate schools and white teachers were offered and declined. Then separate schools, and qualified teachers of their own class. That also was declined. As nothing would satisfy them but equal admission to the existing public schools (to which they had a clear constitutional right), the Boston school committee told them that they had thrown away their opportunity, and must now be ruled by the committee. The leaders of the movement gave notice that they should try their strength against that of the committee, and they went round to every house in Boston where there were children of their color, and induced the parents to withdraw them from the separate schools. This vigor carried the day. Within six months the schools were thrown open. No mischief has ensued; prejudice gave way under the experiment; and one consequence is that a yet bolder stand is now proposed. The speakers at New Bedford desire that henceforth fugitives who are taking their road will stop there, and not think it necessary to expatriate themselves, even in Canada. New Bedford and Boston have an understanding by which the soil of Massachusetts can be kept sacred as a retreat for slaves, all Federal Courts and Enactments notwithstanding. As citizens of Massachusetts, these men will stand by their State; and they invite their suffering co-complexionists to come and try them. This is enough. Nobody will believe that people of this sort will ever be shipped to Jamaica at £4 a-head, to be attached to the soil of a plantation for any number of years, for the sake of a plot of land (if they can get it) at the end of the term. If Mr. Dalton were to send over any of their color at all in that way, they would not be the free negroes, but slaves under that name. There might be a good many of that class; for not only are slaves a depreciated property in the market at present, but they are becoming a highly precarious property in the most ruinous way of all. All efforts to conceal the increase of "stampedes" now fail; for the Northern citizens, who used to be silent about the passage of slaves through their territory, now see no necessity for such caution. We observe in a Northern journal a notice of 1,000 dollars having been subscribed to meet the increased expenses of the "underground railway," from the rapid increase of its passenger traffic. All that happens tends to augment the exodus. The frontier States, and some others, are growing sick of slavery; and the slaves run away all the more easily and abundantly. Other States grow more peremptory and strict for the laxity of their neighbors; and, under their aggravated oppression, the sufferers are more eager than ever to escape; and sooner or later they effect it. As in all time, and under every sort of tyranny, songs are the telegraph between the bond and free. Mr. Dalton's best speech at Kingston will hardly carry so many negroes to Jamaica as this verse of a song to Canada:

I heard Victoria plainly say,
If we would all forsake
Our native land of slavery,
And come across the Lake,
That he was standing on the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home
Beyond the rolling tide.
Farewell, old Master!
That's enough for me—
I'm going straight to Canada,
Where colored men are free!

The Jamaica aspect of the proposed immigration scheme, as illustrated in the American newspapers before us, is perhaps the most striking of all. But we have left ourselves no room for that set of illustrations of the impracticable character of Mr. Dalton's proposal. Our readers will see that the negroes of the United States are not very likely to go to Jamaica; and the Jamaica planters ought to be very glad of it.

THE SLAVE TRADE AT CUBA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

HAVANA, Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1858.

ONE of the most disagreeable parts of a correspondent's duties is to be obliged to call the public attention to defects in the social system of the people among whom he lives; yet, if the fault is grievous and public, how can he swerve from his duty? I have reference to the Cuban slave trade and its horrors; and in order that your intelligent and enlightened readers may form some idea of the horrors of the "Middle Passage," I will relate a few particulars concerning the Spanish slave-ship Iberia, commanded by the renowned Viñas, whose successful voyages to the coast of Africa, and his many hair-breadth escapes, have rendered his name familiar to every English officer serving on this and the African coast. A Spanish Slave Company was formed here the early part of last winter, the originators and promoters of which were Zulueta and Portilla, our heaviest dealers in human flesh. Viñas, the ship [illegible] which I have forgotten, was induced to enter. Viñas cleared for Cadiz, where he arrived, discharged his cargo and loaded again, ostensibly for Hamburg, but proceeded to the East Coast of Africa, where slaves to the number of two thousand were huddled together on the two vessels, scantily provisioned and short of water. A few days after doubling the Cape, the fresh water began to give out, and the negroes were forced to drink the salt water! Out of the 2,000 that left the coast, eight hundred were buried at sea, and the rest reached here afflicted with the worst kind of scurvy. The brig landed her cargo at Bahia Honda, and was abandoned, and subsequently found by a Spanish cruiser and brought into this port, where she now lies. The ship landed her part on the south side of the Island, whence the negroes were transferred to Zulueta's estate. The Iberia then sailed for Bahia Honda, where she refitted for a second voyage and put to sea, but the pilot ran her aground on the Colorado reefs, where she was captured. I am informed that of the six hundred negroes landed from this vessel and conveyed to Zulueta's estate of the Alava, upwards of four hundred have died, and the rest continue to drop off one by one, notwithstanding the best medical skill sent from Havana at enormous salaries! Here, indeed, is a case that equals the atrocities of the Regina Coeli. Yet the getters up of these expeditions ride through our streets every afternoon, as unconcernedly as if they were not the cause of this awful destruction of human life. Viñas escaped, after losing his vessel, by way of the United States, and is now in Spain. It is said that he loses all he had previously made by this unlucky trip. A *sumaria* or legal investigation into the affair has been commenced, but, as he has fled from the Island, it will be dropped. The Nancy and Perkins cases progress Spanish fashion, and several months may elapse before a conclusion is arrived at, though the general impression here is that they will both be condemned. I understand the captain of the Nancy intends suing the American government for $30,000 damages, which will almost amount, if true, to the profits of an ordinary adventure to the Coast. Madame Rumor says that two other American slavers are being fitted out here, which, if true, will give our newly-appointed Consul-General a good opportunity to display his judgment and administrative talents. He will find that the Havana Consulate, with its $6,000 per annum, is far less agreeable than the last office he held at St. Thomas.

GREAT CONCERN!!!

From The Northern Independent.

IT is with a great degree of pleasure that we clip the following from the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of the 9th inst.:

THE SLAVES OF THE ECHO.

"One of those monstrosities of American opinion which disgrace us as a nation is now showing itself in the South. The slaver Echo has been brought into Charleston by our naval officers laden with wretched Africans. No sooner does she arrive than Carolina and Virginia papers propose to have the rescued victims sold into American slavery, instead of being sent back to their country according to the usage of the powers engaged with us in the suppression of the maritime slave trade. It does seem that ultral politicians in the South are demented on this question of slavery. Perhaps, however, this judicial blindness and infatuation is God's retributive means for the overthrow of themselves and their policy. It seems impossible that the reflecting and especially the professed Christian people of the South can see with indifference this demoralization of public opinion and disgrace of their country before the whole world. This infamous proposition is now to go to Europe, to be spread against us in all its newspapers in connection with the mobocratic affair at Quarantine. We shall soon be a stench in the nostrils of the world, if the laws and public opinion are not speedily brought to bear against such infamies. We are happy to notice that, by order of the government, the slaves in question are to be returned to Africa, and that the noble Niagara is to convey them."

Now while we thank the Dr. for so much *anti-slavery* as is contained in the above, we wish to ask him a civil question or two.

1. What better are those poor men and women who were taken on board of the "Echo," than thousands who are in precisely the same relations, and held by the same force, within the bounds of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences, many by our own church-members, and why is one class deserving of more sympathy than the other? Does slavery grow better and more tolerable by age? Is it worse on the high seas than it is in Baltimore or Maryland?

2. My dear friend and doctor, which should concern us most, our reputation, which in this respect can hardly be made worse, with the *dear* people of Europe, the "demoralization of public opinion," this "disgrace of their" (our) "country before the whole world," or "to do justly and love mercy," and fear God and obey him by "undoing the heavy burdens, and allowing the oppressed to go free," whether upon the ocean or on the land, whether held by pirates on the sea or on the plantations of Virginia or Maryland?

3. If slavery awake our concern and indignation in one place, should it not in the other? Come, my brother, let us be consistent and talk of slavery everywhere and at all times, until the ears of the guilty shall "tingle."

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

AN instance of prejudice and proscription occurred the other day in Chelsea, which shows to what an extent the prejudice against the colored man still operates in some portions of our Commonwealth. Robert Morris, Esq., a colored lawyer of Boston, who is well known, by reputation at least, to many of our citizens, made a bargain with a builder named Bartlett, for an estate with a fine mansion on it, on lands of the "Cary Improvement Company" in Chelsea. While negotiating for the purchase, Mr. Morris informed Mr. Bartlett that some persons would probably object to his buying the house for a residence, for fear it might depreciate the value of their property, and that he did not wish to make the purchase if it would injure the sale of Mr. Bartlett's other property adjoining. Mr. Bartlett replied that he had anticipated all that; that he built houses to make money, and that Mr. Morris's money was as good as anybody's else, and that if the Company, who, it seems, had some sort of *veto* power over the sales, should refuse to approve the bargain, he would throw up the contract and do no more work for them. The bargain was then concluded and certain alterations made in the house to suit Mr. Morris's wishes. But when the fact of the purchase having been made became known, some of the neighbors became quite excited, and a Captain Ray and Mr. Sanford threatened, if Mr. Morris bought the house and lived there, to sell out or to let their houses to Irish tenants. This threat frightened the Company's agent and Mr. Bartlett, the latter of whom conversed with several of the neighbors, who declared they had no objections to having Mr. Morris as a neighbor. But the Directors refused to confirm the bargain so long as Captain Ray and Mr. Sanford objected, and the result was that Mr. Morris was obliged to give up his estate, and Mr. Bartlett, it is said, has since sold it for $500 less than Mr. Morris was to have given him.

This is a specimen of the feelings which some people cherish, than which nothing can be more mean and contemptible. It is the same feeling which excludes colored people from certain churches in Boston, and actuates many of those super-refined people there who think the Lord has made them of a little better mud than anybody else. Such people condescend to patronize their Maker by going to church once a week, they deign to acknowledge themselves "miserable sinners," they read and approve the sentiment of the holy book that "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth," but in practical life they set as great a distinction between themselves and the mass of mankind as did the ancient Pharisees between themselves and the publicans and harlots, who the Savior declared should enter the kingdom of heaven before them. To have a black skin constitutes the most insuperable barrier between these people and the rest of humanity. Such a person, though he have the form and feelings of a man, is, in their exquisite judgment, worthy only to be made a slave of, and ought not in this free country to be allowed to walk the same street, sit in the same pew, or even build him a house in the same neighborhood as these favored of the Almighty. Mr. Morris, we will venture to say, is as cleanly in his person, as well-dressed, as much of a gentleman in his deportment, as sensitive in his feelings, as correct in his morals as Captain Ray or Mr. Sanford. He practises daily in our Courts of Justice, and is himself a Justice of the Peace, and we have yet to learn that the dignity of the Commonwealth, or the comfort, convenience and rights of any individual have suffered therefrom. But, notwithstanding and all this, Captain Ray and Mr. Sanford cannot suffer him to come "between the wind and their nobility." They no doubt claim to be gentlemen and Christians, but it is pretty evident that they are a great way from being either.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard.*

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

You are probably aware that Committees of proprietors in [illegible] assemble for the purpose of debating the question of emancipation and the best mode of its accomplishment. The deliberations are said to be far advanced in many of the Committees; and, notwithstanding the diversity of the projects discussed, they may be divided into two categories; one of which conforms to the Imperial rescript, proposing a gradual system, requiring twelve years for its development, by successive transition. The advocates of the other plan, forcibly dwelling upon the dangers of transitory situations, propose complete and immediate emancipation. This latter view prevails, particularly in the Southern Provinces, and in that of the Ukraine, where serfdom only dates from the reign of Catharine II., and where the peasant bitterly mourns his ancient freedom. The nobility, too, have not forgotten the massacres of Hurman, and ask an immediate reform. As for the manner, some wish to change the serfs into free tenantry, whilst others propose the repurchase, not only of what is termed the *enclos* (inclosure), but, also, of the arable soil.

The labors of the Committees of Vilno, Grodno and Kovno are the most advanced. The Lithuanian Committees have adopted, as a fundamental basis, the repurchase of the inclosures and arable lands, by means of provincial banks of credit. There is, however, one point of difference; some demand that the repurchase shall be effected in the name and for the benefit of the Crown, which would thus become sole proprietor, whilst the peasant would only be the usufructuary, the perpetual tiller of his territorial portion; and others maintain that the peasant ought to become immediate proprietor of the land he cultivates.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* publishes the text of an important Imperial ukase, relative to the measures in progress for the gradual abolition of serfdom throughout the Russian Empire. This decree, however, refers only to the Crown peasants, and sets out with the preface that the Emperor, wishing to accord to the peasants of the Crown certain personal immunities and privileges, decrees as follows:

"1. The restrictions established by the laws and regulations governing the appanages, in virtue of which the peasantry of the appanages could not acquire property, nor sell uninhabited lands, except authorized so to do by and in the name of the Department of the Appanages, nor could dispose of the forests on their own property, except authorized by the same department, are hereby abolished, and the aforesaid peasantry shall have hereafter the right to acquire, by every legal means, uninhabited lands, belonging to persons of their own class, or of any other condition," &c.

The second clause of the ukase provides for the transition of the peasants into citizens and traders, upon the payment or a tax of fifteen silver roubles ($12) for the first privilege, and forty silver roubles ($32) for the second; one member of each family, only, paying this sum, the remaining members being rated at one-half.

The third clause provides for the marriage of peasants' widows and daughters, without tax.

The fourth clause authorizes peasants to appear in person in all civil suits brought by them in the Courts of the Empire, and the public prosecutors are instructed, in case it should be so desired, to extend to them support and protection before all tribunals.

This is an important decree, and forms no inconsiderable link in the system of gradual emancipation which the Emperor has inaugurated and resolved to carry out. Some of the serfs in the Empire are strongly opposed to the project. This may seem very strange, but the enigma is easy of explanation. There are numerous serfs in St. Petersburg, and other cities, largely engaged in commercial pursuits, and known to have amassed considerable wealth, who, under the old *régime*, are responsible in law, and who enjoy all the essential privileges of freemen, without their anxieties. Under the new order of things they will lose the protection of their proprietors, and must thenceforward answer for themselves. They do not care to do this, and hence their repugnance to a legalized freedom which they already enjoy in fact.

THE COOLIES IN CUBA.

Correspondence of The Charleston Mercury.

HAVANA, September 9, 1858.

THE institution of abolition philanthropy is flourishing in our island with results which must be very gratifying to the benevolent souls who have advocated Indian and Asiatic coolie emigration, under contracts for Cuban servitude—eight years, renewable at the pleasure of contracting parties—if the subject lives. On the 29th ultimo arrived the Dutch ship Admiral Van Heinskirk, Korning master, 148 days from Swatow, with 489 coolies, having lost during the voyage one hundred and twenty-seven from disease and casualties; on the 31st ultimo, by the Dutch ship Cornelius Zoon Hoof, Koens master, 151 days' voyage, same port, received alive 368 coolies, two hundred and ten having perished during the passage. The deaths from the cargo of this vessel, since arrived, by disease contracted on shipboard, have varied from ten to eighteen per day up to yesterday, so that there will be but a remnant left for toil. The coolies are put in an old hulk, which is kept in the quarantine anchorage as an hospital, and have as good medical treatment and care as can be procured, but they perish—uncounted but for the fees—and sleep in the bottom of the bay near the hulk—not unmolested, for it has become the favorite ground of shoals of sharks, which, in consequence, now infest the upper arm of the bay, and must of necessity, more or less, infect the air, from the putrid remains which are scattered everywhere by those voracious monsters preying upon the bodies of the relieved Asiatics. There is no danger of natural increase, as but few females are brought here; but the trade seems to be carried on by the speculators with such avidity that the number of matured subjects may become too large for the public safety. The percentage of mortality with this class of our labor far exceeds any other, which, of course, defers the period only when the danger will have to be encountered.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of The National Era.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15, 1858.

AFTER the late Rev. Dudley A. Tyng had been driven from the Church of the Epiphany for preaching an anti-slavery sermon, the vestry made several ineffectual efforts to secure a minister from the North with Southern feelings. No man from the North would degrade himself by accepting the Rectorship of a Church so completely under the control of a pro-slavery vestry, and the latter therefore sent to South Carolina for a clergyman of the right stamp.

An invitation was extended to the Rev. William Otis Prentiss, a slaveholder of Colleton district, South Carolina, and Mr. Prentiss very cheerfully and promptly responded to the call.

In October last, he was duly chosen as Rector, and immediately entered upon his duties. Most of the congregation had previously followed their late pastor, Mr. Tyng, to the new parish which he had organized, bearing the name of the "Church of the Covenant," and Mr. Prentiss, much to his disappointment, soon found that he had no congregation to preach to. The newly-elected pastor and his vestry labored diligently to bring together within the walls of the Epiphany a congregation of pro-slavery Episcopalians, but their united efforts availed nothing, and now, after having preached almost a year to empty sittings, the Rev. Mr. Prentiss sends in his resignation, and retires in disgust to his plantation in South Carolina. It is well that this experiment has been tried. We trust that the vestry of the Epiphany are now satisfied that they ruined the parish when they drove away, contrary to the wishes of the congregation, their pious and faithful pastor, Mr. Tyng.

The vestry have invited the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of Saint Paul's Church in this city, to the rectorship. Dr. Newton is a very popular preacher, and this circumstance, together with the fact that Dr. Newton was on terms of great intimacy with the late Mr. Tyng, has induced the vestry of the Epiphany to invite Dr. Newton, hoping thereby to bring back to the old fold the large and flourishing congregation of the Church of the Covenant. The latter, however, it seems, determined not to be caught in this trap, and have refused to unite. Mr. Newton is neutral on the slavery question, and therefore such a pastor will not be acceptable to those who are pledged to carry into effect the dying wishes of that bold champion of Freedom, Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

CASE OF THE SLAVER ECHO.

THE EXPORTATION OF THE CAPTURED AFRICANS.

From The Charleston Mercury, Sept. 20.

THE United States steam frigate Niagara arrived off this port on Saturday, at about one o'clock p. m., and came to anchor in about eight fathoms of water. Her topmasts can just be distinguished from the city wharves over Morris Island. She has a full frigate's guard on board, consisting of three hundred sailors and fifty marines.

Several private parties have made excursions to see the frigate by the various pilot boats and the steamer Aid, but, owing to the heavy sea, none have been able to board her.

Being desirous of placing before our readers all the incidents attending the removal of the negroes from Fort Sumpter to the Niagara, we, several days since, made application to the United States District Marshal for permission to allow a gentleman connected with the office to be on board of the steamer which was to make the transfer. The Marshal received the application very [illegible] would be permitted to be on board but himself and two deputies, not even the officers of the court, as he considered that it would be highly indecorous to give any information respecting the removal of the negroes to the public, through the press, before the President had been informed.

We have, however, availed ourselves of the kindness of Dr. Rainey, the transportation agent appointed by the President, whom, we are happy to say, we have found a very agreeable gentleman, who has in every respect accommodated us to the full extent of his power. Dr. Rainey has found his familiarity with the Portuguese language of very essential service, as he can communicate with the head men of the Africans independent of the interpreter. No agent of the Colonization Society is on board the Niagara, and the ship is provided with sufficient stores only for the officers and crew. The Marshal has, however, supplied from one of our Charleston merchants the necessary stores for the Africans, which were conveyed to the Niagara yesterday. The Marshal and his assistants, the United States Attorney, and the ship chandler, were the only parties allowed to visit the ship.

The steamer General Clinch yesterday forenoon visited Fort Sumpter, took on board the Africans and conveyed them to the frigate. A heavy sea was running, and it required all the ingenuity of the officers in charge to ship their cargo. Finally they hit upon the expedient so successfully practised among the Indians of South America in crossing rapid streams. The frigate and the steamer were connected by two hawsers, and a large tub placed upon a third line run from the spanker boom of the frigate to the deck of the steamer, and thus the awful chasm was bridged. Upon this line the negroes were placed, and hauled by tubfulls to the frigate. The ceremony was, of course, very slow and tedious, and it was late in the evening before the Clinch returned to the city. We regret to say that we must await the information of the authorities at Washington before we can state authentically the precise number of the negroes deported. The number is, however, understood to be about two hundred and eighty. The Niagara will sail this afternoon.

QUESTIONS OF LAW.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.

The more the matter of the captured slaver Echo is considered in its various points of view, the more the government realizes its importance. The first great question is that of piracy—whether the carrying slaves on the high seas, purchased on the coast of Africa from those who have conquered them and hold them in the most abject slavery, to a slaveholding country, as Cuba, is piracy—whether it is piracy under any act of Congress or treaty, and if the Constitution of the United States recognizes such act of carrying slaves as piracy, and if any act of Congress or treaty can make that piracy which the Constitution does not recognize as such. This, it is understood, will be the most important question to be argued on the trial of the reputed captain of the Echo, which will commence shortly in Boston.

The first question, it is understood, will be that of the jurisdiction of the court, the defendant claiming that he can only be tried according to law at Key West, where the Dolphin first anchored.

There were no papers or national flag found on board the Echo or Putnam when captured, everything of the kind having been sunk with deep sea lead previously.

Townsend will defend himself also on the plea that he was not captain, and but a passenger; but the records of the New Orleans Custom House show that the "Putnam, of New Orleans," cleared for St. Thomas, Townsend, commander, on 6th March last. It has been ascertained that she did not go to St. Thomas. From the American protection of the mate, Mr. T. Bates, which was found on his person, it is shown that he cleared in the Putnam or Echo on 6th March, showing the identity of the vessel.

The conduct of Lieutenant Maffit, commander of the Dolphin, having been called in question by the extreme men of both the North and South, it is proper to state that he could not with propriety have acted differently, under the peculiar circumstances of the case and his instructions. He had but a very short time to decide in this novel case, and no precedent to guide him. The Department approves of his conduct.

Lieutenant Maffit's first impulse was to land them at Key West; but, considering the improbability of being able to land the captured negroes there, and the length of time it would require to communicate with Washington, he prudently determined to send them to Charleston, where the department would be telegraphed immediately, and especially as there was a fair wind for the latter port. He afterwards discovered he could not land them at Key West. Lieutenant Maffit would have taken them to Boston; but, from the long passage, he feared great loss of life. The custom in similar cases is to take the officers and crew of the captured vessel on board the man-of-war making the capture. In this case it was deemed sufficient to take the captain, and better to leave the others. The reason Townsend was taken to Boston was that the Marshal at Key West, in the absence of the other federal officers, did not feel sufficiently authorized to receive him, and consequently there appeared to be no other alternative than to take him to Boston—the place of destination of the Dolphin—according to the orders of the Navy Department, dated July 31, nearly a month before the capture.

EXAMINATION OF CAPTAIN TOWNSEND.

BOSTON, Saturday, Sept. 25, 1858.

The case of Townsend, the alleged captain of the slave brig Echo, was called up again to-day before Commissioner Loring, and the following witnesses were examined: Lieut. Maffitt, Commander; Lieut. J. E. Bradford, Lieut. Charles C. Carpenter; Dr. J. M. Brown, Surgeon; Leonard G. Gunnell, Captain's Clerk; Edward G. Williams, Second Lieutenant, Alexander F. Crossman, Sailing Master—all of the Dolphin. The testimony was mainly a description of the capture of the Echo on the coast of Cuba, which has already been published. Lieut. Bradford, who first boarded the alleged slaver, could not identify Townsend as the captain, it being dark at the time. The morning after he claimed to be simply a passenger, which character he has since continued to assume. The further hearing was then postponed until Tuesday. The question of jurisdiction is the main one involved in the present examination.

From The Tribune.

The examination of Townsend, the slaver, has recommenced in Boston. Townsend, it seems,

admission, but practically and historically we know that she will not be excluded because she is or is not slaveholding. Everything depends, therefore, *on the character impressed on her while she retains her Territorial condition*. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"; or, as the wise king expressed the idea, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." The slave Territory in fact becomes a slave State, while the free Territory matures into a free State. How vast the issues, how momentous the consequences, depending on the impress originally stamped on a new Territory! A few years of infancy decides its character for an indefinite term—perhaps for generations. Let us be faithful to the duties of the day.

IV. The practical interpretation given to the Popular Sovereignty doctrine by its votaries is *indifference to the triumph of free or of slave labor in a Territory*. Mr. Douglas insists that Kansas shall be admitted as a free State because that is her deliberate and overwhelming choice, not because the choice is intrinsically right and beneficent. Were she struggling to come in as a slave State, he would support her demand with equal energy and on the same basis. Indeed, he clearly intimates that, while he considers free labor probably best *for her*, he considers slave labor as decidedly preferable for other and more tropical regions. There is nothing wrong, according to this view, in making one man work for another's profit all his life, leaving his children to follow in the same dreary round; it is only a mistake to do this where the mercury often sinks below zero. We cannot assent to this view. It is not that of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, slaveholders though they were.

V. If the free States should consent to regard, with Mr. Douglas, the westward progress of free and of slave labor with equal favor or equal indifference, the slave States manifestly will not and do not. Their ruling classes have a great pecuniary and political interest in the extension of slavery. Every new slave State increases at once the value of their live stock and their political power. The annexation of Texas instantly enhanced the price of slaves throughout the breeding region, as the purchase of Louisiana had previously done. Gov. Wise estimated that prime Virginia slaves would have netted their owners $5,000 each, could they have been set to work in the California mines—which the admission of California as a free State precluded. A new California seems about to open in the Debatable Land on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Arkansas will vie with Kansas in occupying its *placers*. Is this a time to disarm the Free Labor party?

VI. We have proved, in the glorious example of Kansas, that free labor, backed by a strong public sentiment and active, self-sacrificing exertions in the free States, can wrest a Territory out of the immediate grasp of the Slavery Propaganda, though backed by the Federal Executive, Senate, Judiciary and Army. We shall probably never again have to fight the battle under greater disadvantages, Kansas lying along the western border of Missouri, which was occupied by the most vehemently pro-slavery portion of the Missouri people. The spirit and the devotion evinced by the better portion of the People of the free States must triumph in any future contest.

VII. Finally, the future struggle cannot be a long one. Kansas free covers Nebraska, Dacotah and all the West and North-West. It blocks the advance of slavery across the whole breadth of Missouri and northward of its southern boundary. We can well afford to lose a Presidential election for such a result as this. One more breadth is all that remains of our present Territory to be struggled for. Should we lose what is now Indian Territory, we must draw the line west of it, saving New Mexico, Arizona and all beyond. If to secure this, it shall be necessary to lose another Presidential battle, who would grudge the cost? But it may not be necessary.

We care only for results. Let an advocate of Popular Sovereignty show us how we are to do better for free labor on his platform than we have done on our own, even with power in every department against us. The Slavery Propaganda have had the help of Pierce and Buchanan, Taney and Breckenridge—to what end? If we are doing well as we are, we ought not to shift our ground without a clear conviction that we shall thereby do better. What will Popular Sovereignty do for the expansion and ultimate universality of free labor that the Republican platform has not done? Let us understand.

OUR DANGER AND OUR SAFETY.

BY JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Our danger of defeat in 1860 arises from the efforts now making to modify the position assumed by the Republicans in 1856. We cannot disguise the fact that some of our journalists and some candidates for office are seeking to gain the support of the timid and weak men, by denying that the Republican party is pledged against the extension of the Slave Power. They say distinctly that our Philadelphia platform does not pledge the party to oppose the admission of more slave States. Some say they would vote to admit new States with slaveholding Constitutions.

We shall not stop to argue the question at this time. If the fundamental truths put forth in that instrument do not exclude the extension of the Slave Power by the consent or vote of the Republican party, its framers failed to express what they supposed neither friend nor foe could doubt. The Democratic party had avowed this extension of slavery as one important item in their creed. It was known that Mr. Buchanan, their candidate, had long cherished the intention of bringing Cuba into the Union, in order that the ignorant Catholics of that island may give preponderance to the Slave Power, and enable them to elect our President and Vice-President, and direct the administration of our government, maintain the Dred Scott decision, extend slavery over all our territories, and hold their slaves in, and carry them through, our free States; that these objects were to be attained not only by giving to the slavedealing and piratical population of that island an equal voice in our government with our virtuous and intelligent population, but by adding thereto three votes for every five slaves which they hold in bondage. This plan of transferring our rights, our interests, and our honor to the keeping of such a population constitutes the most odious, the most hateful policy of that party, and some of our respectable journals deny that the Republican party is opposed to this policy.

These declarations have struck us with surprise. Every intelligent man must be aware that this same wavering of our ranks, in face of the enemy, defeated the Whigs in 1844. When Henry Clay avowed his personal acquiescence in the plan for annexing Texas in order to extend the Slave Power, he signed his own political death warrant, and do our friends suppose that the scenes connected with Kansas and the experience of fourteen years have rendered the despotism of slavery more acceptable to our people? Have our friends forgotten the memorable report on this subject made to the House of Representatives in 1844, by the venerable John Quincy Adams? That report was signed by one other member who yet lives, and has done what he could to awake the Northern mind to the enormity of this increase of slaveholding tyranny. Have our friends forgotten the address put forth by Mr. Adams, and twenty other members of Congress, one-half of whom yet live, and are now laboring for the rights and honor of our free States? The people have not forgotten these things, and will not forget them; and in our opinion the idea that Republicans will consent to see the people of the free States thus transferred to the control of a slaveholding despotism is now doing a thousand times more to defeat us in 1860 than all the efforts of Buchanan and Douglas put together.

If there were any doubt in regard to the Philadelphia platform being opposed to this extension of the Slave Power, the great body of Republican voters would demand its amendment, or repudiate the party. We assure these men who would let down our position that the mass of the Republican electors are *honest*. They mean what they say. They base their action on *principle*. They will discard all wire-working. They will not be sold nor transferred to the Slave Power by their own votes. *They will not be deceived*. We understand that some candidates and some journals propose to go into the contest of 1860 without any expose of our political faith. Let that policy be adopted, and *one-half of the Republican electors would not take the trouble to go to the polls*.

We have no hesitation in saying that if this surrender to the Slave Power must be made, if our rights are to be given up, we hope it may be be done by the locofocos. We prefer that party should remain in power so long as necessary to consummate their crimes, rather than see such a disgrace brought upon a party with whom we have associated and by men for whom we have voted.

We would not deceive others, nor would we be deceived. We think any attempt of our National Convention of 1860 to modify our position in regard to this extension of the Slave Power, or to place in nomination a man whose sentiments on that subject are unknown, must defeat his election. Republican electors have been too often and too long deceived on this subject to be further trifled with. Should there be any doubt in the platform adopted by that Convention, the electors will call on the candidates for an avowal of their own views; and if they remain silent, the people will repudiate them as unworthy of confidence.

Our safety consists in a frank and manly support of the doctrines proclaimed at Philadelphia, in their letter and spirit. On these our party was founded; aside from those doctrines there is no Republican party. The man who discards them is not a Republican. Neither politicians, nor statesmen, nor human authority can change those truths. We may abandon, we may repudiate, but we can neither modify nor change principles which have existed throughout the whole eternity of the past. Standing on them, our party has extended and increased, and acquired influence, and now wields the moral power of the nation. Its success is as certain as its adherence to truth and justice; but its overthrow is as sure as its abandonment of those doctrines on which it was founded.—*Ashtabula Sentinel*.

THE SLAVES OF DOUGLAS.—The Yazoo (Miss.) *Banner* contains an advertisement stating that two of Senator Douglas's negroes were confined in the Yazoo County jail. They had run away from the plantation of Mr. Douglas, in Washington County, Mississippi.

FATHER HENSON'S PRAYER.

In the Boston Preachers' Meeting, a few days since, the propriety of public prayers on extraordinary occasions, such as the opening of Political Conventions, Cattle Shows, &c., was discussed in a conversational manner, and some of the ministers referred to instances, within their observation and experience, in which it was difficult to preserve the true spirit of prayer; when the colored preacher, Father Henson, or, as he is often termed, "Uncle Tom," who happened to be present, remarked that if it was not obtrusive, he would like to refer to an incident in his experience. All, of course, were anxious to hear. It was while on that memorable journey down the Mississippi river in a flat-boat with his young master, from Kentucky to New Orleans, to be sold. The boat stopped at Vicksburg, Miss., and his master, thinking that perhaps he might get as much for Uncle Tom there as farther South, took him ashore. A large company of men, white and black, drunken and sober, were gathered together near the landing-place, and the young master began to descant on the good qualities of his piece of property. Among other things he was a "religious nigger," a "real pious feller"—honest as the Bible, and he could preach and "pray like a steamboat." Of course a pious slave is worth, in the estimation of some, from two to three hundred dollars more than a wicked one, depending somewhat upon the age and sex of the property, and the depth of the piety. Piety does not increase the money value of "girls" so much as of the "boys." A revival on a large plantation must net the owner some thousands of dollars. Be that as it may, the Vicksburg gentry were determined to have a specimen of Uncle Tom's piety, so the proposition was made and tumultuously seconded, "Let us hear him pray!" The poor fellow was told by his young master to get down on his knees and pray. Father Henson, in relating it, was evidently affected. The memory of it even was bitter.

"What to do I did not know. There I was, after saving the property of one master, and toiling faithfully for another, after having actually paid once for myself, and got a solemn promise that I should have my liberty, now torn away from my beloved wife and four little children, never to see them again, after having been strongly tempted to kill my young master at night when I had good opportunity to do so, but being held back by religious principle, now commanded before that profane rabble to pray, that two or three hundred dollars more might be bid on my head! Should I do it? Was there any God; and if so, would he allow me to be so tormented? I had no time to think—hesitation would only provoke violence, resistance would be death—I would not be martyred for *not* praying, and I therefore fell down on my knees before a log and poured out my soul in supplication. What I said I have no recollection of, nor how long I prayed, but if ever I took hold by faith on the power of God, it was then. I rose from my knees comforted, whatever might be the money value of my prayer."

On rising, however, the first thing Henson heard was, "We don't want the rascal," "Take the damned nigger away," with other profane expressions. The prayer seemed to have failed to bring the cash, and the pious slave took the young master, who was little more than a boy, by the arm and said, "Master, let us go back to the boat," and the gaping crowd were left behind. The ministers pretty generally agreed that that was a good specimen of prayer under difficulties.

Of course our Southern "brethren" think it was all right. It was all legal, and the Church must not interfere with civil matters. "Render to Cæsar," &c. "The powers that be are ordained," &c. The devil can quote scripture, and is remarkably fond of it. It was legal that the slave father should be sold from his wife, so called, and from his children. It was legal that his master should command him to pray. It was legal that his master should beat him if he refused; and it was legal to *kill* him if he resisted. And not a religious newspaper dares to say a word against these abominable laws, and more abominable practices. And some of our Northern men, wooden-headed, or iron-hearted, or both, think it "fanatical" in us because we desire the exclusion of all slaveholders from church fellowship—not because all slaveholders are necessarily cruel or unjust, but because the mere fact of holding a slave does justify the system which makes all those abominations legal. A merciful Northern Methodist slaveholder in Baltimore or Missouri does more to sustain the system and make it respectable than the vilest tyrant on a Southern plantation.—*Zion's Herald*.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CONFESSION ON SLAVERY.

"Rev. G. B. CHEEVER, D.D.—*Dear Brother:* I observe in *The Independent* of July 1st you speak of 'the course of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in expunging from their book of faith and discipline the early and undisputed testimonials from God's Word against slavery' as being the same crime with man-stealing.

"I will you, dear Brother, have the kindness to refer me to the date of that expunging act, and to the particular part of the book, with its date, where that testimonial may be found? A Presbyterian Brother has raised a question of veracity with reference to the statement; not only with regard to any such expurgation, but also with reference to any such testimony in that book."

The preceding letter comes from a distant State, and we rejoice very much that we may be the means of opening any man's eyes to the wickedness of the Church in sanctioning and sustaining the sin of slavery. It is not strange that our Presbyterian brethren, accustomed only to the later editions of their Book of faith and discipline, should be ignorant of what it formerly contained, or of the changes made in it. We cannot tell, in the present instance, whether our Presbyterian brother's unbelief and astonishment are greater as to the testimony against slavery or as to its expurgation, or which he would rather have. Why should it be thought a thing incredible that the Presbyterian General Assembly should once have borne testimony against slavery as man-stealing? That being God's testimony, why should *not* the Presbyterian Assembly declare it? They did declare it, plainly, as our correspondent may demonstrate to his own satisfaction by turning to the record of the General Assembly of 1794. At that time they adopted a note to the one hundred and forty-second question in the larger catechism, in the Confession of Faith, in the words following:

"1st Tim. i. 10. The law is made for MAN-STEALERS. This crime, among the Jews, exposed the perpetrators of it to capital punishment, Ex. xxi. 16; and the Apostle here classes them with sinners of the first rank. The word he uses, in its original, comprehends all who are concerned in BRINGING ANY OF THE HUMAN RACE INTO SLAVERY, OR RETAINING THEM IN IT. *Hominum jures, qui servos vel libros abducunt*, retinent, vendunt, vel emunt; stealers of men are those who bring off slaves or freemen, and KEEP, SELL, OR BUY THEM. To steal a freeman, says Grotius, is the highest kind of theft. In other instances we only steal human property, but when we steal *or retain* men in slavery, we seize those who, in common with ourselves, are constituted, by the original grant, lords of the earth. Gen. i. 28. Vide Poli Synopsin in loc."

Why, now, should it be thought a thing incredible that the Presbyterian Church of America should once have borne this testimony against this horrid crime? Is it because, the crime being our own, the Church of Christ were bound to keep silence in regard to it, or cannot be conceived to have had the moral courage to speak out, in God's name, against it? We can easily conceive why it should be thought a thing incredible that any Church, having once uttered such testimony, should have the folly to abandon it, at least favors, a new organization called "the League of United Southerners," and composed of men who, keeping up their old party relations on all other questions, "will hold the Southern issue paramount, and will influence parties, legislatures and statesmen." In other words, the League proposes to do for the slaveholders what the slaveholders have always done for the country. The Slavocracy may be king, but the League must be Viceroy over it. This does not suit Mr. Pryor's notions, and he attacks the scheme as one likely to disturb the beneficent influences of the Democratic party, which seems to be a good-enough Disunion for Mr. Pryor. It is a very neat performance, and, judging merely from itself, not having seen Mr. Yancey's side of the controversy, seems to dispose of that gaseous individual in a very thorough manner. But as the quarrel is merely personal, it is hardly of general interest enough to call for much notice. Mr. Pryor calls Mr. Yancey's communication "a verbose and vapid production, betraying indifference to sense and grammatical construction," and other complimentary comments of a critical and logical description, which we regret that we cannot afford to lay before our readers for their entertainment.

But the observable thing in this controversy is that both parties vehemently disclaim being Disunionists! *The South*, whose terrible onslaughts on the Union, two little years ago, made the tea-things tremble on many a tea-table, and who seemed to cry aloud for somebody to hold it so that it might not do anything desperate, now ironically congratulates Mr. Yancey "on the warmth of feeling with which he repudiates the suspicion that he entertains any design inimical to the stability of the Union!" And as he quotes a letter of that gentleman, dated only three months before, in which he affirms that nothing can save the South but an organization of Committees of Safety all over the Cotton States ("and it is only in them," he significantly parenthesizes, "that we can hope for any effective movement"), which shall "fire the Southern heart, instruct the Southern mind, give courage to each other, and, at the proper moment, by one organized concerted action, precipitate the Cotton States into a revolution"! When this proper moment arrives, however, the prudent Mr. Yancey does not think it best that Virginia and the other border slave States should be admitted to share the glory and partake the spoils of the enterprise. He thinks they had better be left as

"Feather-bed 'twixt castle-wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball."

He thinks they can do better service in the old Union than by joining the new one, and "thus giving to the Southern Confederacy a long abolition, hostile border to watch"! At a proper time, after Virginia has answered this useful, if subordinate, purpose, she may be permitted to join the Confederacy, on her humble application. We think that a moderate ebullition of wrath should be pardoned to Mr. Pryor in the face of an impudent proposition like this. Poor old Virginia has indeed fallen from her high estate if this is all she is good for, when the great struggle for the New Dominion is to be initiated.

In the face of all this writing of his, Mr. Yancey denies that he has any disloyalty to the Union, or that his League has any purpose of instantly demolishing that much bragged-of construction. In this eclogue it is hard to decide which swain deserves the prize.

"An oaken staff each merits for his pains!"

But, in the last analysis, they both come to the same result—their strains, though discordant, form at last one harmonious whole. Neither the one nor the other has the courage to avow that he is in favor of the Dissolution of the Union. Both know that such a revolution cannot come out from the South. They dare not face even the Slaveholders, in cold blood, with a proposition which the instinct of every one of them tells him must be fatal to his system. The Disunion bobgoblin must not be made too common. The very children would come to laugh at its pumpkin-head and the candle-end shining through it, if paraded too often. Just at the critical moment of contested elections it may answer a good purpose again, as it has so often; but why bring it out now, when the Slaveholders have a better President, a better Cabinet and a better Supreme Court to their hands than they have timber to make their own out of, if they could have their way? We confess to a little disappointment, as we had hoped that there was a handful of sincere Disunionists at the South. But if Mr. Pryor and Mr. Yancey both fail us, "where," in the pathetic words of the late Mr. Webster, "where shall we go?" Clearly, we shall have to do the whole work ourselves.

PROPOSITION TO ANNEX THE SOCIETY ISLANDS TO THE AMERICAN UNION.

We have important news from the Society Islands by the latest arrival from California. The King of those Islands, for gross abuse of power, has been dethroned by the Governors, who have made a deliberate and formal proposition to annex the country to the United States. Mr. Thomas Croft, a resident at Riates, S. I., gives this account of the matter in a letter to the San Francisco *Herald* under date of June 9th:

"The office of King was thereby made vacant, and the administrative power fell, in consequence, on the Governors, the highest remaining executive power.

"After deliberating for several days on the condition of affairs, they came to the conclusion of offering the government to the United States, and to ask admission into the American Union.

"Accordingly, on the 25th of May last, the Governors, &c., of Tahaa, one of the two islands under this government, invited the United States Consul, Henry Owner, Esq., to a public dinner, and, after making a number of speeches, placed in his hands several copies of a letter to the government of the United States, asking admission into the Union, and offering to place their islands in the possession of the United States without asking anything for themselves, and without demanding anything like purchase money, or making any stipulation; or, in other words, presenting themselves, their islands and their government unconditionally.

"Mr. Owner, in a neat speech, accepted their letter and promised to forward it to the United States, stating that his instructions bound him not only to accept and forward letters from governments, &c., as in the present case, but also from the humblest person present, and that he would forward their letters with pleasure, and by the first opportunity.

"This movement was followed up by the Governors of Riatea, on the 7th of June, inst., by a similar letter.

"The above offer, on the part of the chiefs here, comes very opportune for the United States, as there is an infant commerce now growing between the Anglo-Saxon population located on the eastern shore of the Pacific and those of Australia and New Zealand, &c., which commerce will, in all probability, be enormous in the course of ages. There is a line of steamers about to commence running between Panama and Australia, which will make Tahiti a coaling dépôt. This will place these islands within one month of the government at Washington, and, of course, with all the other cities of the United States; and if these islands come under the United States government, they will become a great harbor for the immense Pacific whaling fleet, and also for United States war vessels, and probably for a coaling dépôt for one or more lines of steamers between Oregon, California, Nicaragua or Panama, and Australia and New Zealand; and, as there will be a semi-monthly mail with the United States, the captains of American whalers, when they come in here in the off-seasons, may communicate with their owners, and receive their orders as to their subsequent course. If they have any oil, &c., on board, and the owners have a good market for it and a high price at the time, they can order it home, or otherwise dispose of it. As these islands are nearly two thousand miles nearer Boston, by the sailing route, than Honolulu, the usual business station for whalers in these seas, and the difficult region of the 'line,' or 'doldrums,' does not intervene on the Pacific side, the oil, &c., could arrive one month or more sooner than from the Sandwich Islands, and would be much more liable to secure the market; and the freight [illegible]."

The San Francisco *Herald* says:

"Mr. Croft gives a full description of the islands—their great natural advantages, and their value to the United States as a whaling dépôt. The productions of the islands are of the richest nature—tropical fruits and all kinds of vegetables, &c. They possess many excellent harbors. The location of the islands, in the midst of the South Pacific ocean, offers great facilities for a general rendezvous and station of the Pacific squadron, as it can lie safely and securely, and in a favorable position for reaching any point in the Pacific, wherever its services may be needed. These islands, also, with comparatively slight expense, may be made almost impregnable to a hostile fleet, and thus render great service to any mercantile nation who may be at war with another, and particularly when the seat of war may be in the Pacific ocean."

Great opposition was made to this project of annexation by the English and French residents of the Islands and the friends of the deposed King, and serious disturbances followed. Mr. Croft and Mr. Joseph Jordan, for their agency in the annexation scheme, were taken prisoners and sent to Tahiti, whence, under date of July 12th, the former writes:

"The greatest apprehensions are felt in Tahiti that the United States will accept the offer made by the governments of Riatea and Tahaa, and that those islands will be made an entrepôt for whalers and a coaling station for steamers. In such a case they have strong fears that the interests of Tahiti and its merchants will suffer."

We suspect that the obstacles to this scheme will be found to be insurmountable; but time will show.

UNIVERSALIST TESTIMONY.

The United States Convention of the Universalist denomination, lately held at Providence, adopted the following resolutions by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That this Convention views with alarm the continued claims of the American Slave Power to the right of holding in perpetual bondage the children of Africa; that all such claims are contrary to the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and that we deplore the public demoralization which could originate such demands.

Resolved, That in the present attitude of the conflict between American freedom and American despotism, we feel called upon to reiterate our unqualified condemnation of slavery, and to reassert our determination to labor for the maintenance of free institutions.

These resolutions, though abstractly sound as far as they go, yet lack point and pungency. They seem designed rather to gain an anti-slavery reputation for the sect than to stir up its members to earnest and energetic action. The Providence *Journal* says, "the debate upon them was very brief," which could hardly have been the case if the tide of anti-slavery feeling in the Convention had been commensurate with the claims of the cause. When a religious denomination spends whole days in discussing plans and projects for its own extension and aggrandizement, and only devotes a few moments to the consideration of the great subject of human liberty and the claims of four millions of bondmen, it indicates pretty clearly that questions of humanity and practical righteousness occupy but a subordinate place in its thoughts and efforts.

The only speech on the above resolutions which the Providence *Journal* reports was made by the Rev. Dr. Sawyer of this city, who seemed to think that their passage was almost if not quite supererogatory. This is what he is reported to have said:

"I do not rise to oppose the passage of these resolutions, but merely to express my doubts of the necessity of their passage. It is known everywhere, I trust, where we, as a denomination, are known at all, that, with a few exceptions, so few indeed as scarcely to deserve a notice, we are, from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet, in every fibre of our being and every thought and feeling of our nature, opposed, utterly and forever, to human slavery. Were it otherwise, did I suppose there was one man in the land whom this reiteration of our eternal hostility to the great wrong of slavery could enlighten or affect, I should, with all my heart, vote with hand and voice for these resolutions. They have my entire approbation, and I hesitate to urge their passage by this body only because I doubt the necessity of repeating again and again our deep and abiding abhorrence of a pretended institution, for no radical wrong can by possibility rise to the dignity of an institution among men, which is at once an outrage upon humanity and at war with the whole spirit of the Gospel."

The point of Dr. Sawyer's argument, if we rightly apprehend it, is, that the Universalists, as individuals, are so thoroughly opposed to slavery that there is no need that they should *do* anything, as a denomination, to abolish it! He doubts whether there is any necessity that the representative assembly of the sect should even say a word on the subject! What indifference and coldness of heart is betrayed in this avowal! If Universalists generally were as hostile to slavery as Doctor Sawyer claims that they are, every Convention of the sect would glow and burn with anti-slavery zeal, and the whole power of the denomination, as such, would be exerted to break the fetters of the slaves.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.

Loss of 530 Lives!

The steamship *Austria*, Capt. Heydtmann, of the New York and Hamburg line, was burned at sea on the 13th ult., in lat. 45° 01′, long. 41° 30′. Of about 600 persons on board (including many women and children), only 67 were saved. The Austria left Hamburg Sept. 2d and Southampton on the 4th, expecting to arrive in New York on the 18th. She was a new and valuable vessel, and had on board a very valuable cargo.

The fire was the result of carelessness. The captain and surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the steerage with burning tar. The operation was to be performed by the boatswain under the superintendence of the fourth officer. The boatswain heated the end of a chain to dip into tar to produce smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he let it drop upon the deck, to which it set fire. The tar upset, and immediately all about was in flames. A feeble attempt was made to extinguish it, but without effect. There was nothing at hand to meet such an emergency. The rescued passengers saved nothing but the clothes on their backs, and even the greater part of these were torn off and otherwise lost.

Right upon the heels of the fire came the explosion of the magazine; and the flames beginning to rage fiercely, the wild, unreasoning instinct of self-preservation swept down all discipline and authority. A rush was made for the boats, and a mob of affrighted people dashed into them, regardless of everything, in their eagerness to escape from the blaze. The boats were swamped, and hundreds drowned; thus the disaster became tenfold more serious in its effects than it would otherwise have been.

The particulars of this frightful calamity are given in the following statement of Mr. Charles Brews, the only British subject who was rescued:

At a little after 2 o'clock, p. m. (Sept. 13th), I was on the quarter-deck. I saw a dense volume of smoke burst from the after entrance of the steerage. Some women ran aft, exclaiming, "The ship is on fire; what will become of us?" The ship was instantly put at half speed, at which she continued until the magazine exploded, from which I infer the engineers were instantly suffocated. I only walked from where I was on the quarter-deck to the waist of the ship, when I saw the flames breaking through the lights amidships. As the ship was head to the wind, the fire travelled with fearful rapidity.

I then went to the man at the wheel, and told him to put the vessel with her side to the wind. He hesitated—probably did not understand me, as he was a native of Hamburg. I then got a German gentleman to speak to him. At this time I saw some persons letting down the boat on the port side of the quarter-deck. What became of the boat I don't know, but think she was crushed under the screw. I then went to let a boat over from the starboard side of the quarter-deck; but the moment we laid our hands on the ropes, there were so many people who crowded into it that we could not lift it off the blocks. We therefore left it for a few minutes, until the people got out, when we returned and launched it over the side of the ship, when, the people all rushing into it again, it descended with great violence into the water, and was instantly swamped, all the people being washed out excepting three, who held on to the sides. We then let down a rope and pulled up one person, who proved to be the steward. Another, in the act of being hauled up, was strangled by the rope.

The fire now came on too fiercely to attempt to get up any more from the swamped boat. All the first cabin passengers were on the poop, with the exception of a few gentlemen who must have been smothered in the smoking room. Many of the second cabin passengers were also on the poop, but a number of them got shut into their cabin by the fire. Some of them were pulled up through the ventilator, but the greater number could not be extricated. The last woman who was drawn up said there were six already suffocated. We now perceived that the ship had got her head to the wind again, so that the flames came over the quarter-deck. In consequence of the crowd, I could not get to the wheel-house to ascertain the reason, but I was informed that the helmsman had deserted his post, and that the vessel, being left to herself, headed to the wind of her own accord. At this time the scene on the quarter-deck was indescribable and truly heart-rending. Passengers were rushing frantically to and fro—husbands seeking their wives, wives in search of their husbands, relatives looking after relatives, mothers lamenting the loss of their children, some wholly paralyzed by fear, others madly crying to be saved; but a few perfectly calm and collected. The flames pressed so closely upon them that many jumped into the sea. Relatives, clasped in each other's arms, leaped over and met a watery grave; two girls, supposed to be sisters, jumped over and sank kissing each other. A missionary and wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant-steward arm in arm followed. One Hungarian gentleman, with seven fine children, four of them girls, made his wife jump in, then blessed his six eldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his own arms. I, about this time, was standing outside the bulwarks, holding on by the davits, leaning out to avoid the flames, which were leaping towards me. I saw a swamped boat under me, spinning by a rope still attached to the ship. As the oars were tied in her, I thought, if I could get to her, I would be enabled to save myself and some others. I let myself down by a rope, passing over a man who was clinging to it, but who refused to come with me; I took out a penknife to cut the tackle; the large blade broke, and I then severed it with the small blade. The ship passed ahead. As the screw approached I found the boat drawn towards it. I tried to keep the boat off, but the screw caught and capsized her over me. I dived away from the ship and came to the surface near a boat which was keel upwards. I got on her, and by pressing on one side, with the assistance of a wave, she righted, but was still swamped. The oars had been knocked out by the screw. The only thing I could find in her to paddle with was some laths nailed together as a sheathing for the sides. When I looked around, the ship was a quarter of a mile away from me. I could see ladies and gentlemen jumping off the poop into the water in twos and threes, some of the ladies in flames. Several hesitated to leap from the burning ship until the last moment, as the height was twenty-two feet, and were only at length compelled to throw themselves off to avoid a more painful death. In half an hour not a soul was to be seen on the poop. I pulled after the ship and picked up a German who was swimming strongly; I got him beside me on the boat, and we paddled after the ship with the laths; I now saw a vessel under sail approaching; she reached the steamer at about 5 p. m.; we continued pulling towards them, and about 7 1-2 o'clock, after being five hours in the water, got within hail of the sailing vessel, which put off a boat and took us on board. She proved to be the French bark Maurice, Capt. Ernest Renaud, of Nantes, bound from Newfoundland for the Isle of Bourbon, with fish. She had, up to that time, rescued forty passengers of the burning steamer, chiefly taken off the bowsprit, though a few were picked up floating around. At about 8 o'clock one of the metallic boats came up, with about twenty-three persons, including the first and third officers; afterwards three or four men were picked up, floating on a piece of the broken boat. The second officer was taken up, having been swimming, with nothing to float him, for six hours. The second and third officers were severely burned; one male passenger was burned frightfully, and some other male passengers slightly. There were but six women saved, three of whom were burned, one in a shocking manner. Capt. Renaud acted with the utmost kindness. He gave clothes, as far as he could furnish them, to the suffering passengers, and acted as nurse, doctor and surgeon to the burned people, dressing the wounds of the females with a delicacy and tenderness that evinced a benevolent and amiable disposition. I did not see an officer of the ship during the fire, and am certain there was not one of them or the crew on the poop, except a man at the wheel for a short time. I understood that when the captain heard of the fire, he rushed on deck without a cap, and, when he saw the flames, exclaimed, "We are all lost!" He tried to get out a boat, which, when let down, was swamped, and he, whether accidentally or not I do not know, fell into the sea, and was soon left far behind. The fourth officer was in the boat. He cut her loose from the davits; she was carried under the screw and smashed, and several in her drowned. Three or four then escaped on a fragment, and were picked up by the Maurice, as before stated. About the same time one metallic life-boat was let down from the port bow and swamped, but got cleared away with about thirty-three persons in her, including the first and third officers and several women.

The men in this boat capsized her two or three times in trying to clear her of water. Ten persons were thus drowned, including some women. They afterwards bailed her out with life-preservers cut in two, and pulled to the Maurice, having picked up two or three passengers before reaching the bark. Altogether there were sixty-seven souls taken into the Maurice during the night.

A Norwegian bark came up with the steamer the next morning, and a boat was observed going around the burning ship. They may have picked up a few persons, but only a very few. The Maurice had no communication with the Norwegian. At about 7 o'clock the Maurice sailed for Fayal to deposit the rescued passengers. At about 2 o'clock the same afternoon, she fell in with the bark Lotus, Capt. Trefy, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, from Liverpool for Halifax. As I was anxious to get on British territory, Capt. Trefy kindly gave me passage. He was also anxious to take all the American citizens, but there was such a rush of foreigners into the boats that only one load of eleven could be got off, and even several of these were foreigners.

For the list of passengers and crew, lost or saved, we must refer the reader to the daily or local journals. The great majority were Germans, with whom few of our readers had any acquaintance. Several German families, resident in New York, who had spent the summer together in Fatherland, were among those who perished.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-second Annual Meeting of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in HORTICULTURAL HALL, WEST CHESTER, on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 6th, 7th and 8th of October, commencing the first day at 10 o'clock a. m.

We earnestly invoke the members and friends of the Society, by their interest in the cause which it is our aim to promote, and their regard for the credit of the State which it is our purpose to redeem, to be in punctual attendance at the time and place appointed, ready to contribute their part, whatever that may be, toward the object of the meeting. We also extend a cordial invitation to the Friends of Freedom everywhere to meet with us when we come together and share with us in our deliberations.

Distinguished advocates of the cause will be present, and no reasonable pains will be spared to make the occasion one of interest and profit.

By order of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, *Chairman*.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Rev. Dr. FURNESS, LUCRETIA MOTT, ROBERT PURVIS, MARY GREW, ROBERT COLLYER and J. M. MCKIM will be among the speakers at the Pennsylvania Annual Meeting.

The train for West Chester leaves Philadelphia daily from the dépôt, Market street above Eighteenth, at 7.45 and 11 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock p. m. Returning, leaves West Chester at 6 1-2 and 10 1-2 o'clock a. m., and 3.10 p. m. Fare 75 cents.

THE UNION SAFE.

It has been a favorite antithesis, or analogy, which you please, of editors, North and South, to say that the extremes of Abolition and the extremes of Pro-Slavery had met and embraced one another—both aiming at the same end, the Dissolution of the Union, though from very opposite directions. There have been times when there was some "plausible appearance of a probability" for such an assertion, but it seems to be pretty well gone by now. The zeal of the chivalry for Dissolution has nearly "oozed out of the palms of their hands," like Bob Acres's courage; and we fear that we must accept Lord Byron's paraphrase of Burke's exclamation, "the Age of Chivalry is past," and say "there is no spirit now-a-days." If there were fire-eaters in the land in 1856, when *The* (Richmond) *South* exalted its horn and Bully Brooks was organizing his *coup d'état*, by which the armies of the Slave-country were to be marched upon Washington and the government taken out of Colonel Fremont's hands in case of his election, we say, if there were any fire-eaters in the land in those brave days of old, they appear to have eaten it all up, for there doesn't seem to be a spark, or even a cinder, left of it.

There was always this special difference between the Disunionists of the North and of the South, that the first meant what they said and the last didn't. The first branch of the proposition we presume nobody will deny, as the Disunion Abolitionists certainly had no tangible selfish advantage to obtain by undertaking exactly such a task. They may be fanatics, but they most unquestionably are not self-seekers. From the time they first took the word Disunion on their lips, they have never ceased from declaring, in the face of very considerable majorities, that there was no security for the civil rights of the people of the Free States, and no hope for the restoration of the natural rights of the Slaves, as long as the Union gave the most ingrained and villanous of tyrants the political control of the nation. And though they have not created a very large numerical party, they have most sensibly affected the general feeling of the Northern country as to the value of the Union. They may not be the men that are actually to demolish the Union; but they certainly are preparing the way and making the paths straight for those to whom the task is reserved. And as to the second branch of the proposition, we imagine very few persons believe that any considerable number of Slaveholders have ever had any serious designs of Secession or Disunion, although there are a good many who make believe they believe it at the times and occasions when timid voters are to be driven to the polls on any pretence that can be laid hold of.

We had supposed that there was a remnant in the South who really did wish for a separation from the North, and who actually thought that they would stand all the better for knocking away the crutches that hold them up now. But we are inclined to doubt even this, since reading in the Southern papers the quarrels between the Disunionists there. *The* (Richmond) *South* of the 14th ult. contains a long letter from Roger A. Pryor, the editor, to the Hon. William L. Yancey, a member of Congress from Alabama, which indicates anything but the harmony which should exist in the camp of heroes engaged in so serious a campaign. Mr. Yancey, it seems, has formed, or at least favors, a new organization called "the League of United Southerners," and composed of men who, keeping up their old party relations on all other questions, "will hold the Southern issue paramount, and will influence parties, legislatures and statesmen." In other words, the League proposes to do for the slaveholders what the slaveholders have always done for the country. The Slavocracy may be king, but the League must be Viceroy over it. This does not suit Mr. Pryor's notions, and he attacks the scheme as one likely to disturb the beneficent influences of the Democratic party, which seems to be a good-enough Disunion for Mr. Pryor. It is a very neat performance, and, judging merely from itself, not having seen Mr. Yancey's side of the controversy, seems to dispose of that gaseous individual in a very thorough manner. But as the quarrel is merely personal, it is hardly of general interest enough to call for much notice. Mr. Pryor calls Mr. Yancey's communication "a verbose and vapid production, betraying indifference to sense and grammatical construction," and other complimentary comments of a critical and logical description, which we regret that we cannot afford to lay before our readers for their entertainment.

But the observable thing in this controversy is that both

POLITICS.

We invite attention to an article in our present number, from *The Tribune*, on "The Future of the Republican Party," and also to that which follows it from the pen of Joshua R. Giddings. Mr. Greeley, it will be observed, is willing to abandon, as no longer practicable, the issue of "No more slave States," while Mr. Giddings is for insisting upon that and every other doctrine of the Republican platform. We believe that the policy suggested by Mr. Greeley—the policy of shuffling and compromise—will be adopted in spite of Mr. Giddings's protest. Wait and see.

The special organs of the Administration evince the deepest hostility to Senator Douglas. The Washington *Union*, under the immediate inspiration of the President, is very bitter against him; and *The News* of this city lets fly at him as follows:

"That Douglas will be defeated is every where conceded; but the effort he is now making to prevent such a result has never had its equal in the political history of the country. He works unceasingly, and but few constitutions could hold up under the efforts he is making. He spends money lavishly. He has sold his fine mansion in Washington, mortgaged all his property here, and if he is beaten, he is considered to be, not only politically, but pecuniarily, a bankrupt. In his speeches he is the same unscrupulous and bullying demagogue he has always been. Like the favorite of darky minstrelsy—

'He wheels about, and turns about, and does just so,
And every time he turns about he jumps Jim Crow.'"

Bennett's *Herald* says:

"Our Worcester (Mass.) correspondent informs us that Governor Banks is now engaged in an intrigue that aims at the formation of a new national party, which shall place a ticket in the field in 1860 with the names of John J. Crittenden and Nathaniel P. Banks for President and Vice-President on it. Such a ticket never could be made under Republican auspices, and therefore the Governor is for sending a Republican to look after Federalist, national Republican, Whig and the rest of the opposition's designations that have been lost on the earth and can scarcely be found in heaven."

The Northern Democracy are trying to elect their candidates for Congress by representing them to be opposed to that provision of the English swindle by which the slaveholders designed to keep Kansas out of the Union until her population should reach the full ratio of Congressional representation, in case she should refuse to come in under the Lecompton Constitution. The President, on the other hand, is propitiating the Slave Oligarchy by assurances that he will stand by that provision to the last. In a speech recently made by United States Senator Brown, of Mississippi (the *Vicksburg Whig* is our authority, the editor of which heard the speech), the Senator stated that—

"He called on the President before he left Washington, and that Mr. Buchanan assured him in the most positive and unequivocal terms that he would appoint no man to office who held the opinion that Kansas ought to be admitted before she has a population which would entitle her to a representative in Congress (according to the terms of the Conference bill), and that he would decapitate every office-holder who expressed such a belief.

"Gov. Brown went on to state that he regarded this as a solemn pledge on the part of Mr. Buchanan, and, although he considered him a 'little weak in the back,' he believed he would stick up to it. Whenever he (Gov. Brown) plighted his faith to any man, he always stuck to it, and he intended to hold Mr. Buchanan to his declaration.

"Gov. Brown expressed his belief that slavery and the Union could not exist together. He would not say that such *could* not be the case, but he simply meant to say that it *would* not. He declared himself against the Union in that contingency, and did not care how soon the time might come."

Gerrit Smith is "stumping" the State with great perseverance and thoroughness. Instead of making set speeches to those who assemble to hear him, he invites his auditors to catechise him upon political topics, promising to answer frankly any pertinent question as to his views of civil government and the duties devolving upon the Governor of the State. The novelty of his position and his reputation for eloquence and honesty are sufficient to attract large audiences wherever he goes. How successful he may be in winning votes remains to be seen. He will speak in this city on Wednesday evening next—in Brooklyn on Thursday evening. We regret that an engagement to attend the anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will prevent us from hearing him. For many years we have sought in vain to induce Mr. Smith to speak in this city in behalf of the slave. He has always pleaded his immense private business as an excuse for declining such invitations. As a solicitor of votes for himself, his chances for doing good are, in our judgment, small in comparison with those he might enjoy in his capacity as a man and a moral champion of the anti-slavery cause; but we are glad he is coming even as a candidate for office, and hope he may have a large audience. The Democrats hope that Mr. Smith may divert votes enough from the Republican candidate to ensure the election of Parker, and hence they are exerting themselves in various localities to make his (Mr. Smith's) meetings as large and enthusiastic as possible. For example, a Glens Falls correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal* writes, "that it was a prominent Administration Democrat who invited Gerrit Smith to come there, a Buchanan Democrat who ordered the handbills at a Democratic office, a Buchanan Democrat who circulated them, a Buchanan Democrat who engaged the room, and a Buchanan Democrat who presided at the meeting."

PERSONAL.

Miss Francis Ellen Watkins will attend the approaching anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society and spend some time thereafter in lecturing in Ohio.

Gen. Scott was severely hurt the other day, by falling down stairs, at Cozzens's Hotel, West Point. He is gradually recovering, however, being able to sit up more or less every day.

Mr. William H. Burleigh, who is well known to most of our readers as an able writer and eloquent speaker upon literary and reformatory topics, offers his services to the public as a Lyceum lecturer, in an advertisement which will be found in another column.

Parson Brownlow has turned his back upon the North and gone to his home in Tennessee. "The hopes," says the *Evening Post*, "of Northern enlightenment from this Southern luminary have vanished." He boasted that he would vanquish all the Abolitionists of the North, but was himself vanquished by one of their number.

Among the passengers in the steamer Asia, which sailed from Boston on the 22d ult., says *The Liberator*, "was our respected friend Daniel Ricketson, of New Bedford, who expects to be absent one year on his European excursion; and who, as a tried friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, will no doubt meet with many warm hearts in England. We wish him a pleasant voyage and a safe return."

Aaron M. Powell is spending a few weeks in Rochester, occupying the pulpit of the Unitarian Church on Sundays for the purpose of presenting his views of Christian truth. He has already spoken, to the edification of many, upon the following topics, viz.: 1. Personal Religious Character; 2. The Mission of Liberal Christianity; 3. Acceptable Worship; 4. The Relations of Liberal Christianity to American Slavery. His themes for the next two Sundays will be, 5. Christian Manhood and Womanhood; 6. Immortal Life. Mr. Powell's health, though somewhat improved, is not yet adequate to the bardships of an anti-slavery agency.

William J. Watkins, who has for several years occupied the place of associate editor of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, is said to have dissolved his connection therewith. The reason for this step has not been authoritatively announced, but it is currently reported to have been a difference of opinion and feeling between Mr. Watkins and Mr. Douglass. *The Hour and the Man*, Gerrit Smith's new organ at Albany, says: "We understand that Mr. Watkins, a colored man, lately divorced from *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, has been closeted in our city with the Prince of the State Regency, and has taken the stump to induce colored people to vote against Gerrit Smith and in favor of Morgan—beware of him!"

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.—The following despatch from Washington appeared in *The Tribune* under date of Sept. 22d:

"Intelligence has been received here verifying the fact that the yacht Wanderer, which was temporarily detained by the United States Marshal at New York a few months ago, under suspicious circumstances, went to the coast of Africa, and is soon expected in Cuba with a cargo of slaves. Capt. Corrie, of South Carolina, purchased her with the proceeds of a claim allowed by the War Department, under a bill which the lobby engineered through Congress for the relief of Seabrook, and he and others provided the necessary capital for the present enterprise. The claim allowed by the War Office was unsupported by any testimony that would be recognized in a court of justice, and had been completely riddled by an official report of the Controller of the Treasury, which is now among the archives. This document will be called for at the next session. Ex-Gov. Jones of Tennessee carried the bill through the Senate, and was also active in conquering the prejudices of the Department afterward."

For The Standard.

FAREWELL TO KANSAS.

Land of the god UNREST!
By Nature blest,
Beloved West,
With heavy heart, do I depart
For other fields of toil;
Like Death's dread knell, the word Farewell
Falls on my ear, for much I fear
I leave thy virgin soil
As mariner his native land—
To linger on a foreign strand;
To find a grave unwept, unsung,
Another race, unloved, among;
Or live in an ungenial State,
Whose sons thy virtues underrate.
Land of the Free!
Land of the brave and free,
Of dazzling destiny!
No other land will e'er command such earnest love from me!

Land of the god Unrest!
By Nature blest,
Beloved West;
I sought thy soil to fight and toil
For Liberty and Right:
Like marriage-bells, thy shouts now tell
Of battle won—that Freedom's sun
Has shed its sacred light!
That though in blood thy plains were drenched,
Thy dauntless spirit was not quenched:
Say, wilt thou still be Heaven's right hand?
Say, wilt thou be that chosen land
Which shackled slaves yet hope will be
The African's Thermopylæ?
Fulfil, O West,
Land where our martyrs rest,
Thy God-ordained behest,
This mission grand, and thus command mankind's deep love for thee.

Malden, Mass. JOHN BALL, JR.

A LARGER CHURCH FOR MR. BEECHER.—The church in which the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher ministers, though affording accommodations for 3,000 people, is much too small for the crowds who flock to hear him. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, besiege the doors, to find that there is not room even for them to stand within the walls. The crowd has increased so much within a few weeks that the Society has felt itself compelled to consider whether anything can be done for their accommodation. At a meeting held on Monday evening last, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the duty of this Church to provide more ample accommodations for the preaching of the Gospel in connection with the Plymouth Church, and that we will do it.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to take into consideration what steps shall be taken for the erection of a church to contain not less than 6,000 persons, and report on the same at a meeting of the Society.

Mr. Beecher himself is in favor of this project, and it is probable that it will soon be carried into effect.

Mr. Beecher, though in his own pulpit he denounces slavery as a sin, yet stands in ecclesiastical relations with Adams, Lord, Blagden and other supporters of the system. While we deplore this inconsistency, we know that it is chiefly the anti-slavery and reformatory feature of his preaching which causes the multitude to flock to his church; and hence this necessity for a larger building is an indication of the progress of anti-slavery opinions in the community.

When Mr. Beecher went to Brooklyn, more than ten years ago, Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, who was at that time in the height of his popularity, predicted his failure in less than six months. He did not believe that a church, though only moderately anti-slavery, could permanently exist in this great centre of cotton hunkerism. But Dr. Cox preached himself out of his pulpit five or six years ago, giving place to a man of strong anti-slavery convictions and professions, while Mr. Beecher, by virtue of his anti-slavery, is now the most popular preacher in the United States. Would to God he were, on the great question of the age, thorough and uncompromising.

SABBATH CONVENTION—A DISTURBING QUESTION.—A State Convention to devise measures for procuring the passage of laws to promote the observance of the Sabbath, by stopping the running of canal-boats and railroad-cars on that day, was held at Syracuse on the 14th ult. The *Northern Independent* (Auburn) says:

"A spicy episode occurred during the evening session. On motion of Rev. Mr. Newell, Rev. Thomas Castleton, formerly of this region (Syracuse), but now of Baton Rouge, La., was invited to a seat in the Convention.

"Some time after this resolution was adopted, Mr. Abner Bates, of Syracuse, arose and inquired whether or not the Convention, by inviting Mr. Castleton, of Louisiana, to a seat in the Convention, intended to endorse slavery? stating meanwhile that Mr. Castleton preached to a slaveholding Church, and defended slavery upon Scriptural grounds, as an institution of God. Mr. Bates then moved a reconsideration of the vote by which Mr. C. was invited to a seat in the Convention. It being put and carried, the writer rose and suggested to Mr. Newell, the mover, that it would probably be the easiest and pleasantest way to dispose of the matter for him to withdraw the resolution. This he declined to do, whereupon we moved to lay the resolution inviting Mr. Castleton to a seat in the Convention upon the table; and the motion prevailed by a most emphatic vote. Thus the Rev. apologist for slavery was unceremoniously *not invited* to stay with us, and left the house, as we afterwards learned, in decidedly *high spirits*.

"We are sorry to have to add, in justice to the truth, that the Old School Presbyterian ministers present seemed very indignant at the proceedings, and entered all sorts of protests against them."

Slaveholding Christians (!) are quite as zealous in behalf of the Sabbath as their brethren of the North, and in Conventions exclusively designed to promote its observance, might perhaps, with some show of reason, claim to be received without question; but incidents like the above are very encouraging as symptoms of a growing abhorrence of slavery among the people of the North. The time, we hope, is not distant when every religious and philanthropic body in the free States will be constrained, from a regard to its reputation, to bar out the man-stealer as it would a common thief, pickpocket or pirate.

LECTURES ON CENTRAL AFRICA.—The Rev. T. J. Bowen, long a resident in Central Africa, and who for a number of years was engaged in travelling among the tribes bordering on the coast, along the river Niger, and in the far interior, north of the region visited by Dr. Livingstone, will deliver a course of three lectures upon the People and the Resources of this vast country, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association and of some of the most distinguished gentlemen of the city, in Clinton Hall, on the evenings of October 7th, 12th and 14th, commencing at 8 o'clock. Tickets to the course $1; single tickets 50 cents. The synopsis of the lectures, given below, presents a range of topics of a most interesting character.

First Lecture.—PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY—Mountains, Plains, Table Lands—*The Desert* (and its origin); mistakes as to its Character—GEOLOGICAL AND MINERAL WEALTH—Organic Remains and Age of the Continent—Iron, Copper and other Ores—Rich Gold Fields—Ancient Works of Vast Extent—The African Coast—Rivers—Seasons—Climate in the Interior and on the Coast—Plants—Animals.

Second Lecture.—THE PEOPLE—History, Traditions, Language, Superstitions and Description of the various Tribes—Traces of a White Race—The Arabs—Origin of the Hybrid Nations of Sudan—Social State and Manners—Farming, Arts, War, Government, Slavery—DEGREE AND ORIGIN OF AFRICAN SLAVERY.

Third Lecture.—THE FUTURE OF AFRICA, as indicated,
1st. By the Mental and Moral Character of the People.
2d. By the present civilization of Sudan, and how they have retained written Arabic for 700 years.
3d. By the *Resources and Valuable Productions*—Commerce of the Niger, and how to establish permanent Trade there.
4th. By the Progress of Missions—Eglas—Krooman—Sierra Leone—Trade of Senegal—Gambia—the Western Coast—Interior—Desert Caravans—Forces at work for the regeneration of Africa, and the natural results.

THE OBERLIN RESCUE.—A correspondent of the Sandusky (O.) *Register*, in describing the rally of the people on the occasion, says:

"The enthusiasm manifested by the honest farmers along the road was truly refreshing. One—coming into town with a load of flour—heard of the affair, and, piling his loading over the fence, took in twenty armed men and drove to Wellington. Another shovelled out a load of sand and did the same. Gray-headed old men brought their muskets to the road and urged the young ones to use them if necessary. In short, the demonstration was a complete success. The moral of this is quite obvious to any one, viz.: the Fugitive Slave law 'can't be did,' in this part of the Reserve at least."

If the spirit exhibited by the people of Oberlin and vicinity on this occasion were generally prevalent in Ohio, the Legislature of that State would speedily enact a law giving protection to the fugitive slave, in spite of the machinations of official kidnappers—a law *requiring* the Governor to do what Gov. Chase neglected in the case of Margaret Garner.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH is not working, and there is too much reason to fear that it will prove an utter failure. The operators at Trinity Bay think the difficulty is at the eastern end of the cable, within a few miles of Valentia, and hope that some means for removing it may soon be found; but of this they cannot be sure. The failure of this attempt at telegraphic intercommunication between the continents will be a calamity to be universally deplored.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

CONSPIRACY IN CUBA.—The Havana correspondent of Bennett's *Herald*, under date Sept. 15, tells the following story:

"I am advised that there is a seditious circular moving the masses of our free colored population, which has been distributed in all parts of the island among this class, with great secrecy—a copy of which I am promised—the idea and sentiment being got up in something like the following words:

"'TO THE COLORED FREEMEN OF CUBA—You that are strong in numbers and in all physical capacities—inured to privation and labor—having equal intelligence and political rights with the white man, capable of all and every effort that man can make, how is it that you allow the white man to press his heel on your throat?'

"To which words they respond:

"'We are aware of our ability to endure and resist; but we want method; we want arms; we want a leader with intelligence and nerve for the task. Give us those, show us the way, and we are ready to throw off the yoke of white oppression.'

"Under the action of the Captain-General this matter will be nipped in the bud, I have no doubt; but it shows the effervescent state of the inferior races and classes now entering largely into our social combination; negroes, free and slave, Indians of Asia and Yucatan, constituting more than two-thirds of the whole population of Cuba. The matter is worthy of the most serious consideration of the government, in order that suitable checks may be instituted; and we may thank Pezuela, our former Captain-General, for the seeds sown by him now promising fruit in the blood of the white inhabitants of Cuba."

A slaveholding community must always stand in dread of insurrection. This is a part of the penalty which follows the sin of oppression, as the shadow follows the substance.

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF THE RIGHT SORT.—The pro-slavery Christians (!) of the Free States have formed a "Southern Aid Society," through which they assist the slaveholders in maintaining and propagating at the South a slaveholding religion. Another Society, for a very different purpose, but bearing the same name, has recently been organized in Cincinnati. Its object is to aid the cause of Emancipation in Kentucky and other Southern States by the circulation of tracts, papers, documents and books, calculated to enlighten the public mind on that subject. A meeting of the Society was held on the 21st ult., when addresses were delivered by John Jolliffe, Esq., and Rev. John G. Fee of Kentucky. *The Free South* (Newport, Ky.) says:

"Mr. Fee proceeded to deliver quite an interesting address on the general subject of Slavery and Emancipation, and the duty of contributing to the object aimed at by the Southern Aid Society. He stated some important facts going to show that while in some counties in Kentucky freedom of speech is still proscribed, in others greater latitude is allowed than in former years. He also showed that some religious bodies were taking a decided stand against slaveholding, and that political anti-slavery was making considerable headway in some localities. He spoke with earnestness on the duty of aiding in sustaining the cause in Kentucky, especially in those counties where the white greatly exceeds the slave population, and where good schools cannot as yet be supported without help from other portions of the country. The speaker adverted to statistical and other facts to show that slavery stands in the way of the general education of white children."

SOLD AND GONE!—A colored sailor named William Brodie, of the bark Overman of New York, was arrested some time since, in Darien, Georgia, charged with the crime (!) of assisting slaves to escape from the happiness of bondage into the misery of freedom, and, after such a trial as Southern laws prescribe to a black man thus accused, was sentenced to be sold as a slave for such a period as would suffice to reimburse the purchaser for the amount of his fine and the costs of suit—$535. Mr. James B. Stripling, of Talbot County, Maryland, offered to pay this amount for 65 years of service, and the poor black man was knocked down to him a slave (virtually) for life! If he becomes a father while working out this cruel sentence, his children (unless the mother happens to be a free woman) will of course be the property of Mr. Stripling. If the people of New York had a proper sense of the wickedness of the system which thus consigns one of their own fellow-citizens to a life-long bondage, would they consent to remain in political union with States which uphold and perpetuate that wickedness? We trow not.

CAPT. TOWNSEND.—The examination of the captain of the slaver Echo was resumed on Tuesday morning before Commissioner Loring in Boston. The Commissioner decided to remand him for a further hearing before the U. S. Circuit Court, which meets Oct. 15, when the question of jurisdiction will be argued. He was also admitted to bail in $5,000, on a complaint of misdemeanor under the act of 1818, preferred by the District-Attorney.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 748, closes the (from the beginning) fifty-eighth volume—or vol. second of the Third Series. The time is a favorable one for new subscriptions, and we can cordially recommend this work to any family in want of a good literary periodical. Terms: For six dollars, in advance, *The Living Age* (a weekly octavo of 92 pp.) will be sent, postage free, to any post-office. Address Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

NEW EDITION OF A GOOD BOOK.—A. B. Burdick, No. 8 Spruce street, has just published a new edition of "The Pulpit and the Pew; being the History of a Struggle for Justice between the two." This work first made its appearance, anonymously, last spring. The new edition will bear the name of the author, the Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, of Jewett City, Ct. It is a record of the personal experiences of a minister struggling to hold the gospel candlestick erect in the face of worldly expediency and to flash the light of heaven upon popular wickedness. The author is a younger brother of the Rev. Dr. Cheever of this city, and, like him, a brave defender of the right and duty of the Pulpit to testify against the sin of slavery.

E. H. HEYWOOD, at the request of friends of the cause, will hold himself in readiness to speak for the slave as opportunities may be presented. He has permission to refer to Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE of Andover, Mass., WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Dr. CHEEVER of New York. His post-office address for the present will be Hubbardston, Mass.

To relieve himself of a debt incurred in pursuing his studies, Mr. H. will be glad to speak before Lyceums, if occasion is offered. His subject for the coming winter will be, *Individualism and Institutionalism*.

MEETING AT NEWTOWN.—The Bucks County anti-slavery meeting advertised for the 25th and 26th ult. was not held "in the woods," as had been contemplated, but in the Public Hall of Newtown. It was largely attended, and was characterized by more than ordinary interest. The speakers were Robert Collyer, Lucretia Mott and J. M. McKim. A similar meeting is to be held at Pineville, in the same county, and is to be addressed by the same speakers.

Summary.

A scientific friend of ours has discovered the cause of the potato blight a few years ago. He ascribes it to the *rotatory* movement of the earth.

On Monday last, Fanny, a slave to John W. Jones, was convicted in Fincastle of attempting to poison her master, and was sentenced to be hung on the first Friday in October.—*The South*.

THE BOWIE-KNIFE of the Captain of the slaver Echo—says a telegram from Washington—has been sent hither. Inscribed upon it are the words:

"America, the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The sons of an emperor in Venice got into a quarrel. In the height of passion one of them said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Venice." Highly offended at their quarrelling in his presence, the emperor said, "Come, come; you forget that I am present."

ERYSIPELAS.—A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* says that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, *cranberries* applied as a poultice will effectually cure the erysipelas. There is not an instance known where it has failed to effect a cure, when faithfully applied before the sufferer was in a dying state. Two or three applications generally do the work.

It is stated that farmers who have gone systematically into the business of market-gardening near Washington, D. C., have made fortunes, and there is a fine opening for large numbers of enterprising Northern men. Land is cheap, and though poor, being sandy, can be made over into first-rate garden lands.

The Fredericksburg (Va.) *News* tells a story of G. P. R. James going into a bank in Union, and drawing a check, which the teller declined cashing because he did not know him. "Don't I look like a gentleman?" said Mr. James. "Oh, yes," said the teller, "but that is not enough." "I am G. P. R. James, the novelist." "Never heard of you," replied the teller.

A GALLANT GIANT.—We learn that while Douglas was speaking at Centralia in front of the hotel, on Friday night, a lady on the balcony innocently cried out "Hurrah for Lincoln!" The gallant Little Giant then turned toward her, and, forgetting that he ought to be a gentleman, grossly insulted her by coarse blackguard denunciation. The consequence was that the gentlemen in the crowd (gentlemen never will allow ladies to be insulted) sustained the Lincoln lady, and made the Little Giant "dry up."

HIAWATHA SUNG IN ST. LOUIS.—A communication in the St. Louis *Republican* informs us that Longfellow's Hiawatha has been set to music by Emile Kastr, of St. Louis, and is now sung at the hall of the Mercantile Library Association, in that city, by a troupe comprising a leading soprano, contralto, tenor and baritone. The accompaniment is in part orchestral and part upon the piano. It is considered a great and striking novelty.

The Rev. William Cathcart, of Second Baptist Church in Philadelphia, has issued a sermon against Union Prayer Meetings, now so popular. He warns the members of his own sect against them. He deprecates the idea that his flock should ever sit down to the table of the Lord with "unbaptized Christians," as he calls the Episcopalians, Dutch Reformed and others. He argues that his brethren should make no compromise with any sect; and as the Baptists "hold the truth in everything," all things should be avoided that retard the growth of that body to whom such large gifts have been vouchsafed.

Some curious changes in trade are noted by the Boston *Transcript*: Last spring we received from the ports of Baltimore and Philadelphia large quantities of apples. Now we are sending to these places thousands of bushels. It is fortunate that the apple-crop in the New England States promises a large return for like crop of four years. We are thus enabled to supply the failure in production further South. Last week over 2,500 bbls. were shipped to Baltimore and Philadelphia, and 2,500 bbls. go in the steamer of to-day.

REV. DR. RYLAND NOT AN ABOLITIONIST.—Rev. Dr. Ryland, President of Richmond (Va.) College, has felt called upon to publish a card in the editorial columns of the *Religious Herald*, denying the statements of an individual, who said that he was an Abolitionist, thereby dissuading at least three gentlemen from sending their sons to the college. He says that he owns a dozen slaves—that he never has manumitted one, and, what is more, never intended doing so.

A writer in *The True Southron* (Vicksburg, Miss.) proposes that the Southern Commercial Convention which is to assemble in that city next May shall raise a fund, to be dispensed in premiums for the best sermons in favor of reopening the African slave trade. The idea is fruitful and hopeful, but not sufficiently worked out. We suggest that such sermons from Bishops or College Presidents should command, say $100 each; ordinary D.D.s, say $50; untitled clergymen, $25—or in that proportion. A popular and eminent preacher of an influential sect should have more than an unknown expounder, whose denomination wields very little power and is at present out of fashion.—*Tribune*.

NEW COURSE OF LECTURES.—An announcement in another column indicates that we are to have a Course of Lectures this fall and winter, which will possess several features of interest. The "Fraternity" of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society (Rev. Theodore Parker) have projected this course, in which Mr. Parker gives four historic discourses on Franklin, Washington, Adams and Jefferson; Mr. Curtis and Mrs. E. C. Stanton discuss the Claims of Women; Mr. Higginson gives his new lecture on Physical Training; Emerson adds his philosophy; Chapin his electric eloquence; Bayard Taylor the Wonders of his Travel in Europe; and other gentlemen contribute of their talent and experience. Doubtless the Course will be largely sustained.—*Boston Liberator*.

INCIDENT IN MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH.—At the close of the morning sermon, Mr. Beecher announced that a colored man, recently emancipated, was present, who was offered the opportunity to redeem his family at a reduced price. At the man's request to take his stand at the church door when the audience retired, Mr. Beecher said, "Go, and do not budge an inch." He was speedily surrounded by a crowd, rendering it impossible to "budge," who filled his hat, making it too heavy for passing around conveniently. When last seen his jolly round face was beaming with joy and dripping with perspiration from his efforts to collect the silver shower, more welcome than that of Jupiter to Danae. He had two hundred and ninety-seven dollars in his hat, which was soon made the round number.—*Evening Post*.

FIRE EXTINGUISHING APPARATUS.—Aaron Roberts, a colored man of Philadelphia, has shown us the model of an apparatus constructed on the principle of a telescope, and which, when extended, is designed to conduct water (forced into the bottom from a fire engine) to the top of the highest buildings. The pipe at the summit revolves on its base, so that, by means of connecting chains, the water can be ejected in any direction. It is complimentary to the ingenuity of Mr. Roberts that enough money has been subscribed in Philadelphia and New York, by the firemen, for the construction of a full-sized machine of this description, which is now building. It will be dragged on wheels, in a perpendicular position. Mr. R. has the signature of Mr. Tiemann and other gentlemen, expressing confidence in its adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended.—*Journal of Commerce*.

Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, has in his possession what may be called the first trophy of the Revolution. His grandfather, Captain John Parker, of Lexington, commanded the militia company which was assembled on the Lexington green on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, when the British soldiers marched into the village on their way to burn the military stores at Concord. The British fired at Capt. Parker's men first, and after eight were killed, Captain Parker ordered his men to disperse. The British soldiers then ate their breakfast and proceeded to Concord. One of their men was too drunk to march with them, and after their departure was taken prisoner by Capt. Parker, who took possession of his musket and accoutrements. That musket, the first trophy of the Revolution, is now in possession of Rev. Theodore Parker, the grandson of Capt. John Parker. It was manufactured by Grice, of London, in 1762, for the 43d Royal Regiment.—*Hartford Courant*, 23d *ult*.

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.—The following table, says the *N. O. Delta*, shows the weekly mortality since the date the epidemic had its origin:

Week ending	Yellow Fever.	Other Diseases.	Total.
June 18	2	128	130
July 4	8	134	142
July 11	9	139	148
July 18	20	117	137
July 25	25	162	187
Aug. 1	70	120	190
Aug. 8	140	166	306
Aug. 15	286	171	457
Aug. 22	318	165	483
Aug. 29	402	184	586
Sept. 5	449	197	646
Sept. 12	472	164	636
Sept. 19	440	(supposed)	...
Total	2,641		

AN INCIDENT.—Mr. Robert Morris, the colored lawyer, of this city, recently bargained for a residence in Caryville, Chelsea, for which he was to pay $51,000, but the fact coming to the ears of some of the select white inhabitants of that locality, they sent to the owner of the estate a remonstrance against Mr. Morris settling there. The owner of the house felt the force of the remonstrance, and the result is that Mr. Morris can't have the estate. The *Evening Gazette* says that from which we gather these facts, says that "the oppressors of Mr. Morris are those who have been most in sympathy with Kansas, and most forward in movements sympathizing with the oppressed, and opposition from such comes with a bad grace." It is to be inferred that Mr. Morris is a man of some means, and, if so, he must have been surprised at the conduct of the remonstrants, for he is the individual who declared at the Colored Convention at New Bedford that if the colored men were rich, we should see the white aristocracy courting their society, inviting them to their houses, and giving them their daughters!—*Boston Courier*, 18th *ult*.

ADVICES FROM UTAH are not very flattering, and Mr. Buchanan has serious apprehensions as to the result of the policy pursued by Governor Cumming. It is understood by the Administration that the civil officers of the Territory are divided among themselves as to the proper course to be followed. Governor Cumming, with the Secretary of State, and Forney, the Indian Agent, favors a moderate, conciliatory policy, while Chief Justice Eckels and the United States Attorney wish to hold the Mormons to strict accountability in all matters whatever. The Army officers side with Judge Eckels, but, at the request of Governor Cumming, General Johnston has enforced the most rigid discipline, and not a soldier is permitted to approach within eighteen miles of Salt Lake City. Thus stands the dispute between the Federal Officers of the Gentiles, while the Mormon Chief boasts that his people have the finest country on earth, and that Utah will be the first nation in a few years. The President is not by any means pleased with the prospect.

AFFECTING INCIDENT AT THE BLIND ASYLUM.—During the visit of the Lancaster Fencibles to the Blind Asylum, yesterday, a most affecting incident occurred. The children had displayed their musical talents to the satisfaction of the visitors, when Col. John T. Riley was called upon to sing "The Blind Boy." He remonstrated that it would be out of place, and feared the consequences. But his remonstrances were met with pleasant assurances from all, and he finally complied with their request. He sang with peculiar richness and cadence. The sensitive hearts of the little blind ones were deeply touched, and a most affecting and impressive scene followed. Before he had finished, the little musicians who accompanied him dropped their instruments and listened, and their sobs almost choked them. And when he closed, the boys all came running to him, feeling his hands and his face, and then his body. Tears glistened in the eyes of every beholder, and Col. Riley, forgetting the restraint placed upon manhood, wept.—*Philadelphia Journal*.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT—A LITTLE GIRL HUNG.—A frightful accident occurred on Wednesday last, near the Village of Friendship, Allegany County, on the New York and Erie Railroad. A woman named Guilford started with a little girl about nine years of age, after locking up the house, to visit one of her neighbors. After proceeding a short distance, the mother remembered something which she had left behind her in the house, and sent the little girl back after it, while she walked on. Arrived at her place of destination, she waited a long time, but the girl did not appear and she returned home. On reaching home, she found the body of her daughter hanging from the window outside, and dead. It appeared that the little girl, unable to effect an entrance by the door, had raised the window, and while endeavoring to crawl in it had fallen upon her neck and held her fast until life was extinct. She was an only child, always in delicate health, and her parents are nearly distracted at their loss.

SPEAKING OUT IN DREAMS.—A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*—a remarkably good paper for its size, by the way—tells the following in a letter, from one of the Springs: An amusing incident occurred in the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and, half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy on her, remarking, at the same time, "the devil has got me at last." Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her, "Mollie, don't make such a noise; it is I, be not afraid." The poor African immediately exclaimed, "Oh, missus, dat you; jest what I 'spected; I always thought if I eber got to de bad place, I would see you dar." These remarks were uttered with such vehemence that not a word was lost, and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

THE COLORED PEOPLE AND THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—There was a large and respectable audience of colored people convened in the Belknap street Baptist Church, Boston, last week, to hear an address from Sawyer Chester, of the Republic of Liberia, Africa. After listening to the able lecture of this gentleman on the general state of the country, the following resolutions were presented by Dr. J. B. Smith, of New Bedford, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That while we deeply sympathize with the infant Republic of Liberia in her noble struggle to elevate herself to an honorable and distinguished nationality, we believe the American Colonization Society to be the unrelenting foe to the colored people of this country. Whatever may be the garb it assumes, or under whatever specious pretext it presents itself, it is the same malignant enemy of the colored man, having the same malicious object in view, i. e., the extirpation of the free colored people, that the slave may be rendered more secure in his chains.

Resolved, That we have no more faith in, nor symp

Miscellaneous Department.

KING POET.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of Grimm.

THE Poet stands, with magic wand,
On his cloudy mountain throne;
He gazes over sea and land,
And into every zone.

Adornments for his songs, the best,
He seeketh near and far;
He seeketh from the East, the West,
Where'er the fairest are.

He bids, by golden fountains free,
Arabia's palm-trees rustle;
And, 'neath the fragrant linden-tree
The German violet nestle.

He signs—the rose's crimson glow
Opens the splendors of its cup,
And, from the azure waves below,
The lotos flower's fair moon looks up.

He plunges down the darksome mine,
Dives deep into the roaring waves,
To seek the blushing ruby's shine,
Or cull the pearls in Ocean's caves.

He gives the swan both speech and song,
Inspires the nightingale's sad lay,
The hues that to the eve belong
With morning's glow he mingles gay.

The sea that rolls from coast to coast
He bids throughout his poems play;
Yea, sun and moon, and starry host,
From heaven's vault he calls away.

The world to him its homage pays,
Would him as sovereign greet;
He seeks the fairest child, and lays
His kingdom at its feet.

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER III.

Two years swept by, and Agatha had not asked of her master-father the fulfilment of the promise which he made to her dead mother. She used to love knowledge better than life, but now seemed to have forgotten the joy which books once gave her; and yet a richer glow was on her cheek, a brighter lustre in her eye, and her laugh was clear and merry as a bird's. Ah, plain it was to see that the quadroon's heart was sweet at rest! She went about her usual pursuits with an unwonted interest, and seemed to grow and ripen into the most healthful state.

Let us go back some months in her life, and account for this change.

One sweet summer evening, as Aggy sat reading some favorite book, beneath the shade of the old beech-trees, she was suddenly surprised by a quick step, and, looking up, beheld a handsome young man, gazing at her in very evident admiration. With a blush of confusion, she rose to leave the place, but a single word from the new-comer had power to stay her footstep. She paused, intending to linger only a moment, but that moment was protracted into half an hour's pleasant talk; that night her dreams were fair and charming. The next evening she went again to the same spot—perhaps because it was a favorite one—perhaps because it was quiet and she loved to read there—or it may be to think of the stranger, whom she had so lately met. Who shall say? Thither, at any rate, she wended her steps; and there she again met the strange gentleman. What brought him we do not know; but *we do know* that, evening after evening, he met Aggy at the same place. In the course of a free and familiar conversation, she acquainted him with her history; told how she had filched knowledge, as it were, from the very brink of danger; how she had longed for more golden opportunities; told of her master's promise to her mother, and of her determination to extort from him its fulfilment. To all of this he lent the most attentive ear, holding her hand within his, and soothing her sorrow with words of tender consolation; in him she found a sympathizing friend, and her young heart opened beneath his glance as a rose to the flash of the sun. Thus day by day the impression was deepening, and what at first was but a dreamy admiration, shining like a faint star in the darkness of her spirit, grew to be the day-spring, ushering in a newer and dearer life. She loved with all the ardor of her warm nature this William Raymond—this acquaintance of a few weeks, of whom she knew nothing except what he told her, which was merely that he was a young lawyer, but lately arrived in the village. She did not stop to question herself upon the right of what she was doing, and forgot the ban under which her race had placed her. She was young and romantic enough to believe that love abhorred distinctions of caste—that it was world-wide, universal, and followed the natural law of attraction; while he, with all the equivocation of his sex, led her on, step by step, until recall or safety was impossible.

Thus she lived for a year, happy without question or inquiry, when Marian came home from school an accomplished lady. Beautiful and an heiress, Miss Delnoe drew around her an admiring circle of friends. Mr. Delnoe was delighted to find his daughter so much improved, and flattered by the idea of her being the pet of social life. She asked to have Aggy as her special maid, and this request was promptly complied with by her father. Aggy had no objection to the arrangement, for the short-sighted girl did not perceive that it put off still farther her wished-for hour; with what assiduity and faithfulness she performed her duties may be inferred from Miss Delnoe's account of her. Indeed Aggy loved Marian, not only as the playmate of her childhood, but with a full knowledge of the natural tie which bound them; he loved her as a younger sister, over whom she could exercise a tender care. This it was that kept her up late of cold nights to await Marian's return from parties; 'twas not the service of the obliging slave, but the anxious solicitude of a sister. She still met William Raymond, and he talked as ever of love; but less now was said of her going North and his following her, and of their there living together in that holiest state of human love. Aggy had grown grave and quiet; Raymond thought her less loving, and chided her for it; but he turned away from the silent reproach of those strange eyes, when they flashed back an answer to his charge. A fear had been born in the silence of Agatha's heart, which, however torturing, she would not express in words, but determined to watch with the wary suspicion of an aroused jealousy.

Raymond was a constant visitor at Miss Delnoe's residence. He rode with her of mornings, sent her flowers, bent over her at the piano, toyed with the pages of her music-book, indeed was the freest of her guests; but there was always a quiet figure gliding through the halls, peering in at the windows and doors with a determined gaze upon him.

It had been whispered about and talked of in the kitchen that "Mr. Raymond was courting Miss Marian." These words drove like nails through Aggy's brain. She listened, but made no comment. No wonder that she went indifferently about her work—that she lost her wonted cheerfulness; a knife was at her heart, and, turn whither she would, she felt its slow and silent cutting.

When Miss Delnoe's friend and class-mate, Josephine Finney, came to visit her, Aggy had more time to herself, for the two lady friends desired to be alone; they had old school days to talk over, new plans to form and little secrets to confide one to the other.

One evening, when Aggy went, as usual, to meet Raymond, she grieved to find him late at his post. After waiting nearly half an hour, he came, flushed in face and flurried in manner.

"Why are you so late, William?" she asked, in a quivering tone. "My time is limited, our hour is nearly gone, and you have just come."

He made a hurried excuse, saying he had been unavoidably detained at his office; but her unerring eye detected that indescribable manner which betokened that love, if not entirely gone, was waning fast. Laying her hand on his, and looking earnestly into his eyes, she said, "William, you no longer love me."

"With a kiss and fond protestation he reassured her, and, woman-like, she rolled a stone against the door of her heart, barring out all truant doubts, until the evening recorded in the last chapter, when she overheard the conversation which passed between Marian and Josephine. Henceforth her cup was drugged.

As she walked home, her excited mind ran over all the circumstances surrounding her life. She remembered and cursed her slavery, then the bitterness of her unrecognized paternity, her mother's melancholy death, her own want of education and social training; these things came to her conviction in blinding flashes, and she almost sank beneath the knowledge. Then she slowly realized that the glory of life is not in the proud sense of being, of growing straight to the light; but in the merest extrinsic circumstances, the outside glare, the fictitious fencing of condition. Her own sense of justice was outraged, but she vowed the deep vow of silence, and, with Spartan fortitude, covered up the heart which was preyed upon by jealousy.

That evening, as Marian and Raymond sat together in the deep embrasure of the window, Josephine stole away to the library, leaving the lovers alone. Marian's hand was clasped within his, and their eyes were full of that tenderness which has no words. There was a slight rustle in the shrubbery just below the window; it was unnoticed by the lovers. As poor Aggy stole away from her place of concealment, the moon went under a cloud, and the faithful old house-dog, in a kennel hard by, gave a strange growl, low and ominous. There were no tears in the quadroon's eyes—they were strong and vacant in their outward glance. With locked lips and arms folded tightly across her breast, as if to crush down its concealed burden, she walked to a solitary part of the grounds, where only Nature and Silence saw her hard struggle.

Josephine sat at an open window of the library, with the moonlight streaming over her. We cannot read her thoughts, for her face is a still and rigid one, which locks in all that it would hide from others' eyes. We only know, by the nervous twitching of her fingers, that she is not in the maze of a pleasant dream.

She started, as a low groan, mournful as that last final one which rends life asunder, broke upon her ear. She moved forward, looked from the window, but could see no one. Reseating herself, that groan seemed to be the key-note of a drearier tune of thought, for her face was now gloomy; and as she pressed her hand to her eyes, tears broke through the parted fingers. She heard another groan, more hollow and despairing than the preceding one. This time she was not satisfied with looking out of the window, but rushed from the open door, and, turning the gable of the house, saw Aggy sitting on a stone, with a chilly face turned up to the moon.

"Aggy?" she asked.

The quadroon sprang to her feet, and, upon seeing Josephine, inquired, "Am I wanted, miss? I did not hear the bell."

"You have not been called, but I heard you groan so fearfully, a moment ago, that I have come to ask you what *is* the matter."

"Oh, nothing is the matter with me, ma'm. I've only been idling here a little while."

"No, Aggy, you *are* unhappy—Marian and I have noticed it."

"What did Miss Marian say?" asked the girl hurriedly.

"Nothing in particular, only she is sorry to see you look so."

"Is she sorry?" asked the girl, with tears glittering in her large eyes.

"Marian is attached to you, Aggy."

"We played together, as children, but now she is a fine young lady, educated and beautiful, and I am nothing but a slave—" she gasped for breath, and pressed her hand hard upon her heart.

"I am afraid, Aggy, that you are discontented."

"DISCONTENTED!!!"

There could be nothing more bitter, more terrible, more powerful than the slave girl's reiteration of that word. It was a whole sentence in itself—an anathema!

She seemed actually to vanish in the sound; a tangible echo, so suddenly did she leave after its utterance.

Josephine stood bewildered. Much as she had seen of the quadroon, she had not believed her capable of the half of this.

"Now," she thought, when a shiver as of ice went through her nerves, "this girl must be unhappy—I wish I *could* get at the secret of her trouble."

Did it not lie around her in all the circumstances of the slave's life?

Slowly she reëntered the house. A chill was at her heart. None of us can look deeply at the great sorrow of another and not partake of it. It magnetizes at once.

When Raymond took his leave, Marian fancied there was less cordiality, less love in his parting embrace than usual. This her pride half resented, and in a pique she went to her chamber.

Throwing herself carelessly down upon an easy chair, she did not observe the rigid figure waiting there in readiness to attend upon her—the patient, suffering slave girl.

Aggy understood her duty. Adjusting the lamp, so as to turn the volume of light from her mistress's languid eyes, she set about unbraiding the rich festoons of hair, and arranging all snugly away under a dainty lace cap. With the utmost tenderness she removed each article of dress, laying it carefully aside and ministering to her mistress's comfort in every possible way.

"Aggy, my head aches," exclaimed the petted Marian, and instantly the faithful servant chafed the temples with cologne. Lightly those chilly fingers swept across the lady's brow, bearing healing on their tips; and thus with caressing fondness she watched her mistress until she found her quietly sleeping, then stole away to her own dismal apartment, but not to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

"Wall, I declar, Ginsy, what does you think is gwine to happen?"

"I doesn't know, and I doesn't kere, Jim, you'se allers got some long yarn to spin—now go 'bout your business and don't come a foolin' long a' me. I'se got white folks's dinner to cook."

"Wal, if yer doesn't want to hear it, I'se not gwine to tell yer; but I does know what's gwine to happen in dis here house afore long, kase I hearn."

"Laws, what, Jim?"

"You say yer didn't want to hear."

"Wal, no more I doesn't, but's long as you'se begun, you may finish now; say, what's gwine to happen?"

"I doesn't knows as I'll tell now, arter all."

"Keep ter yerself then, and git long out of dis kitchen, if you'se got no more manners then dat."

At this Jim gave a low, chuckling laugh, thinking, no doubt, the old thought about woman's curiosity; even slave men feel disposed to laugh at women—the prejudice is general.

"Now, Ginsy, if you'll give me a bit of dat bread an' a slice of dat meat, I'll tell yer somethin'."

The bribe was readily afforded him, and as he smacked his mouth over the palatable lunch, he began to talk good-humoredly.

"You see, Ginsy, thar's soon to be a weddin' 'mong us—dat is in de house—an' ob course we'll hab a frolic. You see, as I walk round 'bout de house, I kind o' heard master and young Mister Raymond a talkin', an' I gathered enough to know what's gwine to happen."

"Wal, what did dey say, Jim? Come, tell me all 'bout it."

"Why, you knows enuff now—I can't begin to tell you de gemman's words—you'se too 'quisitive, Ginsy."

"Dat's de way you allers does, arter you gits de meat an' bread, you doesn't half tell de news. Next time I'll get my news fust, an' pay arter."

"No, you won't, Ginsy, you'll be too kurus to know—dat's de way long wid wimmin; dey kan't make a bargain; but look, here comes Aggy—I bound she knows all 'bout it. She waits on Miss Marian."

"Laws, no, Ag 's too proud an' stuck up; she ain't gwine to tell us 'noffin. I hate Ag—she thinks, bekase she is so light an' can read, dat she is somebody."

"She's a slave."

"Yes, but, Jim, we knows who's her daddy, an' yer had better not make her mad, kase master won't 'low it. Ag knows she can git her own way."

"White niggers knows a thing or so; if I was Ag, I'd git my freedom from master."

"Dat would I," answered Ginsy, as she uncovered a pot upon the stove, and from which a savory odor issued, most whetting to the appetite."

"Dar, Ginsy, gib me a taste of dat ar, dat smells so good."

"Yer fool, man, dat's white folks's dinner, and think I'se gwine to give it ter yon?"

"I'd like to be white and have de good things."

"I doesn't kere, Jim, for things to eat, but I'd like to be free like de white folks. I'se bin cookin' good things for more'n thirty years, and I never keres to taste 'em, but I does crave freedom."

"Why, Ginsy, you'se got a better time dan de field-hands. Suppose you worked out."

"Laws, Jim, I doesn't kere for dat—de freedom for myself and chillen is what I wants."

"Whar's yer chillen?"

"De Lord only knows, Jim; dey's all bin sole from me. I tell yer go 'bout yer business, an' don't talk wid me 'bout dis, for it puts de devil in me. I jist wants to jump up an' kill de white folks, every one on 'em. I could stick dis knife in 'em an' laugh, laugh when I saw de blood running—dey's brought more'n blood from me."

She seized a knife from the table near her, and brandished it around; her eyes glared with a maniac fury, and she looked like one commissioned to execute a violent deed.

"I tell yer, Jim, when dey sole my fust chile, I did try to kill one ob ole Jones's chillen. I belonged to him den—an' don't I 'member dat ar time? Jones took me down in de cellar, an' he beat me, an' beat me, till de feelin' went clean out o' me. Dar I sot all in a river of my own blood, but I doesn't kere. I jist laughed at 'em an' spit an' curse 'em as de old cowhide cut into my bones. Dey tied me, else I'd fasten'd my teeth and dese finger nails into dar flesh till I pisened 'em. I would, but I couldn't git loose. I was rope-fast an' iron-cuffed. Dey was feared to let me loose, but I warn't feared of dem. Dey beat me so, till I went to sleep; dey says I was out of my senses, kind of dead. An' after dis, dey allers said I was 'umbled, but I tell you I warn't never 'umbled, I was only fuller of de devil, and I maint to let it come out of me some of dese days yit. Dey never gwine to hab peace here an' here-arter if I can help it."

A soft hand was laid on her shoulder; and, turning resentfully around, she met the sad gaze of Aggy.

"Off wid yer, Ag, yer face is too white, an' you'se got de ways ob dem pisen white folks."

"I am a slave just as you are, Gilsy."

"Now, yer see, Ginsy," began Jim, "Aggy will go in de house an' tell 'bout dis here talk, but yer knows, Aggy, I didn't say 'noffin, did I?"

"I don't kere what she tells; I ain't afeard of white folks; dey's done all dey could to me—dey kan't do any more."

"Ginsy, you is wicked."

"Yes, I is, and I is glad I is. White folks couldn't make me go to meetin' an' git religion. I doesn't want it, I'se got no bisness long wid it. Dem cussed preachers tells me to mind my master; dat's religion, I ain't got no use ob it, an' I tell 'em so—I did."

The woman drove her fists into her temples as if to crush out memory.

"Ginsy, Ginsy," cried a bright-faced mulatto boy of about ten years, who came bounding into the kitchen; "Ginsy, the housekeeper says hurry, for master wants dinner early to-day."

"Go long wid yer, Tom, I only wishes de whole on 'em had pisen ter eat. Blast der white skins."

"But this family, Ginsy, have worked you no ill," put in the sweet voice of Aggy.

"Yes, dey has; dey bought me and keeps me a slave. Why don't they let me go and hunt my chillen an' make 'em free? Oh de devil will roast de whole on 'em, you see if he doesn't, an I could dance round de fire."

"Why, what does dey kere for you, Aggy," she continued; "you is white as dey is, an' got a good right to be settin' up yonder in dat ar house wid dem dat calls demselves ladies; but no, you has to wait on dem dat has got yer blood in dar veins. I'd go an' git my freedom of dem dat ought to gib it to you; dem dat is yer father."

Agatha's face blanched as the sheeted dead, and she shook in every nerve.

"An' it gibs you a chill, does it, chile, to hear ole Ginsy talk dis aa way! Well, neber mind, if you keeps on bein' a slave, you'll cuss worse an dis fore long. I knows mor'n you thinks, Aggy; I knows all 'bout dem walks to de beech trees, an' I knows what harm come of it, but I says noffin—ya, ya, mulatto gal may have pretty face and be good enoff to love when nobody's by; but afore folks, white man loves dem dat has both white mammy and daddy."

"Hush, Ginsy, hush, for God's sake." The quadroon could say no more. A great rush of tears choked her utterance, and, with her apron over her face, she rushed from the kitchen.

"Ya, ya, white man hab his fun, but slave gal hab her sorrow—dat is de way it's allers bin an' is aliers gwine to be; but yer needn't tell me God made it so. No, I knows better; white folks made it, an' niggers sich cowards dey let it be."

Thus muttered the half-mad woman as Aggy fled her presence.

When Aggy left the kitchen, she fled whither she cared not, for a whirlwind was rioting in her heart. She ran for near half a mile, until she reached a lonely part of the plantation, where a lovely creek wound and meandered through beautiful meadow land, singing its low, summer lullaby beneath the bluest of skies. Graceful willows grew upon the margin of this stream, their long, sweeping branches dipping into the water with a touch of Nature's fondness. Here the quadroon paused, and, dashing herself upon the moist earth at the foot of the willow, wept afresh, tears that seemed to call up her strength. It was a pensive and silent, rather than a melancholy spot. As the quadroon gazed down into the waves, up to the blue sky, and played with the long grass, or listened to the gurgle of water and honest hum of insect life, the peace of the scene went into her heart. She wiped her eyes with a resolution that seemed to say, "*I will grieve no more.*" And well she might feel thus, sitting in that quiet scene, with the arm of Nature around her and the voice of God in her ear.

She made many good resolutions, as she sat in that holy self-communion—but alas for her fidelity! on her return to the house, and upon the outskirts of the plantation, she met William Raymond. Her first thought was not to speak to him, and a few steps further brought her some yards in advance of him. Quickening her walk a good deal, she determined not to turn her head; but Lot's wife is not a solitary example of those who lose all by a backward glance!

Agatha did look round—did speak—aye, and consented to sit down in the shade and talk with him.

"Raymond," she said as he clasped her little hand within his own, "to-night I shall see Mr. Delnoe, and demand at once the fulfilment of his promise to my dead mother. He will not, *dare* not refuse me, and by next week I shall be off to the North."

"Will you leave *me*, Aggy?" he muttered in a half denying tone.

"Why should I stay with *you?*" The quadroon's lip curled in scorn.

He hung his head and dared not trust his voice to the cunning framing of a lie. He felt that her eye was upon him and rent his soul with the fixedness of its glance.

"No, Mr. Raymond, you do not love me; never did, and were only pleased to dawdle a few hours with me. You could sport awhile with all that was dear to my heart, but you had no thought of marrying me. You wanted those who were richer and of consequence in the world. You ought to have remembered this before you ruined me; but I'll not curse you—I'll only leave you. Be sure I'll never be a slave to *your wife*. I tended her faithfully because I loved her as *my sister*, not as *my mistress*; but this last is the one blow too many." Agatha's lip quivered—large tears collected on her eye-lashes and rolled down her cheeks. She had not the power to conceal this emotion, for her hands lay like ice on her lap.

"Forgive me, Aggy," and Raymond's voice trembled.

"Hush, hush!" she said in a low tone, placing her ice-chill hand upon his, "don't say anything about it; I know all."

"But will you go away? Shan't I ever see you again?"

"You know that I *ought* to leave—that a much longer stay would only bring shame to me, and perhaps ruin to you; yet, if I can do anything to secure you from discovery, be sure I shall—I'm only a slave and have nothing to lose."

Her face writhed terribly as she pronounced the last words.

"Yes," said the selfish man, thinking only of his own security, "it is best for you to go—but I shall miss you so."

"Don't speak of that now." The words seemed to freeze as they came from her lips, and, rising, she shook a few leaves from her dress, when, turning her eyes full upon him, she gave all her heart in one wild, fixed look. He threw his arm about her waist and pressed her to his breast. She neither refused nor returned the embrace, but stood like one bewildered. "Do you forgive me?" he asked as he released her.

"Yes." She turned and walked slowly away. One moment he gazed anxiously, lovingly after her; called to her to return; receiving no answer, he made an attempt to follow, when suddenly, recollecting himself, he turned and walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL POEM BY WHITTIER.

From The Portland Transcript.

By the kindness of a friend we are enabled to lay before our readers a poem by John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, which has never before been published. It was written thirty years ago and sent to the editor of a Haverhill paper, but was not published. In the note accompanying it, which we copy from the original manuscript before us, allusion is made to another rejected poem. A compliment paid by Greene, of the Boston *Post*, to the poet, under the *nom de plume* of "the Rustic Bard," is also alluded to. The Neal mentioned is probably John Neal, Esq., of this city.

FRIEND THAYER: I am very busy now, and can only snatch a moment now and then from the fag end of a day to read or write. In Moore's Historical Collections, I forget which volume, you will find the interesting story which I have endeavored to versify. You will place the note at the bottom and I should prefer to have the whole story just as it is in the book.

Thine in haste, J. G. WHITTIER.

P. S. Please to send me a line if you can conveniently. I am glad you have not published my scrawl, I sent awhile ago. I wish you would lay it "on the table" or *under* it, till I see you. I see Greene has paid the Rustic Bard a handsome compliment. Have you sent a copy to Neal? J. G. WHITTIER.

THE GRECIAN WOMAN.

——Should slighted woman turn,
And as the vine, the oak has shaken off,
Bend lightly to its tendencies again?
—*N. P. Willis.*

'TWAS sunset—and the glowing west
Was mirror'd on the ocean's breast;
The breeze, as borne on wings of love,
Sigh'd sweetly thro' the orange grove;
And never did the day's last smile
Rest brighter on that Grecian isle,
Where those who long had exiles been,
A doom'd and hunted race of men,
Came forth beneath that holy sky,
To fix again the sever'd tie
That bound them to their lov'd abode—
The soil their gallant fathers trod.

But with a mingled joy and pain,
They trod their native earth again;
For oh! 'twas sadly chang'd, since last
They saw the glorious sunset cast
Its mellow light, on homes that now
Lay in their smouldering ruins, low;
The mounds above their sainted dead
Bore traces of the spoiler's tread—
'Twas mournful—but a sadder sight
Was witnessed by that waning light.
The loveliest daughter of their isle
Was passing with the day-beam's smile.

She lay in beauty—death as yet
No stamp upon her brow had set;
A loveliness too bright to last,
Too pure for life, was o'er it cast;
If aught of earth had dimmed that brow,
It surely had departed now.
And there was wailing by her side,
The father mourn'd his hope and pride,
The mother bent in anguish wild
Her trembling form above her child;
And e'en the warrior scarr'd and gray,
Quick brush'd the starting tear away.

But who is he that bendeth now
So low to earth his guilty brow?
Contrition more than words could speak
Is gushing o'er his burning cheek;
Well may that traitor kneel and pray,
Who turned with coward soul away,
And left the Moslem power to dim
The eye that look'd for aid of him.
He felt his crime, and bending low,
He sought of that worn sufferer, now,
Ere yet the thrall of earth was burst
Forgiveness for the dead accurst.

Oh! gentle as the gales that bring
The pure and fragrant breath of spring
Is woman's love; but wrongs impart
Unnatural sternness to the heart,
And scorn'd, insulted and betray'd,
The gentlest spirit can be made
Unyielding as the rock that braves
The long assault of ocean-waves.
E'en thus with her—she had the prayers
Repentance wrung, she saw the tears
The faithless shed, she heard the call
Of weeping friends, and scorned them all.

Haunted by memory's lingering power,
She felt e'en at that fearful hour
That there are wrongs, so deep they grieve,
It half were sinful to forgive.
A pride, the injur'd only know,
Ners'd in the rugged path of woe,
Had borne her struggling heart above
The memory of its early love.
In silent, calm despair she lay,
Fast ebb'd the sands of life away;
And yet nor look nor tone express'd
The latent feelings of her breast.

A change—a fearful one—came o'er
The sufferer's brow; a moment more
And death's long calm would settle there,
And close the scene of earthly care.
Yet ere the lamp of life was dead,
The sternness of resentment fled;
Her husband's hand had clasp'd her own,
She turned to his imploring tone;
And as the fearful curtain fell,
Forgiveness mark'd the sad farewell—
The yearnings of her faithful heart
Wrongs might *conceal*, but could not *part*.

3d Mo., 1828. ADRIAN.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

CUVIER, the celebrated naturalist, was fond of telling his friends how his attention was first turned to natural history. When young and poor, he was glad of a situation in the household of one of the inferior noblesse as tutor to his sons. The residence of the family was an old chateau in the south of France, and an attic was assigned to Cuvier as his apartment: the window looked into the garden, and as the chateau stood on the slope of a hill, it commanded an extensive view of a rich champaign country. At his window, young Cuvier, who was an early riser, spent the hours before study, inhaling the rich perfume of the flowers, and feasting his eye on the lovely prospect that stretched out before him.

One morning he observed two swallows visit repeatedly one of the upper corners of his window, as if examining its suitableness as a spot to build their nest in: they adopted it, and forthwith began carrying clay in their bills for the outer crust; this in a very short time they completed, and then the nest was formed within it. So soon as their work was finished, the two builders disappeared for some days.

While the industrious pair were engaged in preparing their future habitation, Cuvier observed two sparrows perched on the lowest crowstep of one of the gables of the chateau, and nearly opposite his window, who appeared to watch with interest the progress of the builders; they were quiet lookers-on, and he often wondered what could be their object in so patiently observing the labors of the swallows. This he soon learned; for on the day following the finishing of the nest and the departure of its owners, the knavish sparrows boldly took possession and established themselves in it.

His attention was now attracted to the nest, for he expected its rightful owners to return; but he noticed that while one of the sparrows went off in search of food, the other remained at home, with its sturdy bill ready to defend the entrance, as if expecting the return of those whom they had so dishonestly robbed of their dwelling. In a few days the swallows returned; but on flying to their anticipated home, they were met by the stout blunt bill of the intruding sparrow, and fairly beaten off. After this fruitless attempt to dislodge the intruder, the injured birds flew away, and left the thievish sparrow to chuckle over its successful roguery.

But the business was not at an end; for on the following morning Cuvier was surprised at seeing troops of swallows alighting on the crowsteps and roof of the chateau, and among them he observed his old friends the builders, who flew about their companions and twittered incessantly. His eye was now riveted on the assembled swallows, for he saw that they had business on hand; and it was speedily entered upon, for a little troop made an assault on the stolen nest. But now two strong bills guarded the entrance, and defied all the efforts of the courageous swallows. Still the attack was continued by fresh assailants, and maintained until they seemed satisfied of the impossibility of dislodging the sparrows, when in a body they flew away.

The sparrows now seemed fixed in their ill-gotten property, and a roistering time of a chattering they had after the retreat of their enemies; if, however, they chuckled over their prowess, and rejoiced in the comforts of their stolen home, their triumphs were destined to be short-lived, and a fearful fate awaited them.

In a very short time the swallows returned in still greater numbers, each having some soft clay in its bill, with which in a few seconds they hermetically closed up the entry to the nest, and consigned the imprisoned robbers to a lingering death. But, this was not all; for, as if to make escape utterly impossible, another nest was constructed abutting on the original one, the back part of which added to the thickness of the clay which shut in the sparrows. The crust was soon finished, a nest was formed in it, for a score of birds assisted in the work, and the owners of the purloined nest were duly installed in their new home, which to the thievish sparrows made their tomb.—*American Messenger.*

ARY SCHEFFER.

Died June 16, 1858.

DEAR Artist, thou hast gone unto His breast—
The Great Consoler—whom thou pictured'st here,
As all the heavy laden round him pressed,
And dropped their griefs before His answering tear.

Sweet Raphael painted wondrously and fair
The lovely joy that filled the Virgin's eyes;
Murillo sent her floating on the air,
Glowing in dark-eyed innocent surprise.

Perchance with firmer hand than thou they drew,
Born in the rapturous age of thronged beauty;
Great ministers, unswerving, ever true,
Shaping her sovereign laws in love and duty.

Perchance their colors burned with deeper light,
Fresh from the olden southern sun, who whiles
The long day by the artist's side till night,
Re-touching oft with mellow, ling'ring smiles.

So be it. Of another time thou art.
Framed is thy spirit in another mould;
Its high expression telleth every heart
That we have deeper eyes than they of old.

And thou hast answered to the earnest cry
Which from a new and longing age hath broke,
That looketh back with tender, reverent eye,
But findeth not enough for her was spoke.

For on thy canvas page, humanity
Becomes divine 'mid pain and fear and weeping;
Or 'mid the fullness of great joy, when high
And sacred converse with th' unseen 'tis keeping.

Ah! here thy masters tarry far behind,
To catch the lights and shades of earthly day,
While thou art looking deeper in, to find
The hues which o'er the land of souls do play!

Go on, for now, at length, thou dipp'st thy brush
In the immortal bloom of Paradise;
Their hues shall wane before thy rip'ning flush,
Till thou above them all transcendant rise!

M. P. L.

RECORDS OF OLDEN TIME.

WE find in the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal* the following "Records and Acts" of the Court in the County of Hampshire (Mass.) for the years 1673-'74-'75, given by the Northampton *Courier*:

WOMEN FINED FOR WEARING SILK.

"The wife of Edward Gramrig, of Hadley, presented by the jury for wearing silks against the law, they being of very mean estate; she being also presented at the last court at Northampton for the like offence, she then appeared not in person nor yet now, but her husband for her; the court accounting little otherwise than contempt; and he bringeth into court his wife's silk hood and scarf, which, though sometimes worn, yet they had been good silk; whereupon the court fined her 10 shillings to the county, to be paid to the county treasurer."

"Divers women at Springfield presented at ye court in March last, for that being of a mean estate they did wear silks contrary to law, viz: Goodwife Lobden, Goodwife Holtum, Goodwife Morgan, Goodwife Barnard, Mary and Hephzibah Jones Hunta's wife and daughter, and Abell Wright's wife, and warned to this court, the six former appearing in court; they were admonished of their extravagance and dismissed; the other appeared not. And the fines of the women presented at the last court for the like offence are remitted."

THE TIPPLERS ADMONISHED.

"Whereas it is found by experience that there is too much idle expense of precious time and estate in drinking strong liquors by many of our youth and others in our towns, this court orders that such persons, except ordinary keepers that have liberty of selling strong liquor within our county, shall not for the future sell any strong drinks to any persons of our towns but to such as are governors of families of sober carriage, the intent of this order being that such persons that have the liberty should use their best to prevent a trade of drinking and drunkenness around us."

"Micah Mudge, of Northampton, being complained of for entertaining and permitting divers persons to abide for several hours together in his house in a way of tippling, about December last, it being proved against him, he is fined 20s. to the county; and his wife and Nath. Alexander for excessive drinking at ye same time are fined 3s. 4d. each, and the said Alexander for spending his time idly at the said Mudge's house is fined 2s. 6d; and Zebediah Williams and J. Web and his wife for spending their time idly many hours together at the said Mudge's house the same time, are fined 2s. 6d. each of them; John Web and his wife for excessive drinking, fined each 3s. 4d."

A REFRACTORY HUSBAND REPRIMANDED.

Robert Hinsdall was fined and reprimanded for not living with his wife. The record says—"This Court doth condemn it as utterly unjustifiable, and do conclude the perfect rule of divine law, Mal. 2, 16; Mat. 19, 6; Peter 3, 7—to be plainly broken, and the law of the Colony, if not in the express letter, yet in the intent thereof, clearly transgressed," &c.

YOUNG PEOPLE ADMONISHED.

"Whereas there is returned to this court the names of several persons in Hadley for not living under family government, although to the said return there be not subscription of the officer's hand: yet this court being unwilling to neglect their duty for reforming what may be amiss therein, do order that the Selectmen of Hadley do take notice of and inquire into disorders of that kind, and regulate and settle young persons under government according to law, and if any shall oppose or refuse to submit thereunto, the constable is to take notice thereof, and return their names to the next court with his name subscribed."

CAPT. PYNCHEON'S SERVANT FINED.

John Artswell, servant to Capt. Pyncheon, was presented at court "for that in October last, on a Sabbath evening, he was by John Lamb, the then constable, found riding to and fro in the street at Springfield, and that being stopped in his course by the said constable, he bid the devil take him, and threatened him that if he had him in a place where he would break his neck. The court hearing the case and finding the particulars proved against the said Artswell, judgeth that he shall pay 5s. for breach of the Sabbath, and 20s. for cursing and threatening the constable, and 5s. for resisting the constable."

A QUAKER FINED.

"George Filer of Westfield, being presented by the jury for divers disorders, and being examined, firstly, for entertaicing of Quakers last summer, owned he did entertain them, being necessitated thereto because none else would, as he says. George Filer saith he shall before the world own that he is one of those whom the world call Quakers. Also, he is presented for abstaining himself from God's public worship on the Sabbath. He owns he has generally absented himself, generally last winter. His speeches have been contemptuous of the Ministers of the word and their work, viz: that they turn over 20 or 30 authors in a week to patch up an hour's discourse or two on the Sabbath. And though he would pretend that he meant not the ministry in that town or of New England, yet by the testimony it appeared otherwise. He seems to be a very seminary of corrupt and heretical opinions, tending to poisoning and corrupting the minds of those with whom he hath to do. And in speaking of the religion of the Quakers (he spoke of it as distinct from that professed by our nation in this country), he calls it our religion, that is, his own and such as he. The said George Filer, for his venting of his heterodoxies, adhering to the pernicious ways of the Quakers, was proceeded against by the court and admonished thereof. And for absenting himself from God's ordinances on the Sabbath, having been formerly admonished thereof by ye Worshipful Major Pyncheon, and also by Westfield Commissioners, was now also admonished thereof by the court, as it declared to him that it was in order to further dealing with him, except he reform in his course therein. And for his contemptuous and scandalous speeches of the ministry of this country and of Christ's holy institutions, as denying the sacraments, he is sentenced to pay as a fine to the county five pounds, or else to be well whipped."

RETRIBUTION.—Crimes of this enormity rarely go unpunished on the scene of their commission. Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia were not permitted to be classed among the exceptions to human retribution. "Even-handed justice returned the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to their own lips." Alexander had created nine new cardinals, whom he chose from the richest prelates of his court. Scarcely were they consecrated, when the Pope and his son determined by their deaths to make themselves masters of their wealth. For this purpose they invited the newly-made cardinals to sup at a vineyard near the Vatican, belonging to one of them, Andriano di Corneto. Cæsar Borgia sent the Pope's butler, who was to wait at supper, some flasks of wine, which he had mixed with a poison called Canterelle, a seldom-failing potion. The butler had strict orders that none but the cardinals should taste of it. In the cool of a sultry Italian evening in August the sacerdotal party assembled in the vineyard. Alexander, though a practical atheist, was nevertheless a superstitious man. He had been told by an astrologer that so long as he carried the holy wafer about him, he should never die; he therefore usually had the consecrated host, enclosed in a gold box about his person. Suddenly he discovered that he had left it behind him; he became alarmed, and despatching Monsignor Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., to his chambers in the Vatican for the bread thus endowed with immortality, he proposed that supper should be delayed until his return. The slightest expression of a wish was law in the priestly vineyard. The butler took the opportunity likewise to return for some peaches for the dessert, which had been forgotten. When Caraffa reached the Pope's apartments, his eyes were saluted with the sight of an apparition, in the likeness of his master, lying as it were dead and stretched on a bier. He was affrighted and dismayed; he sunk for a time on the ground; at last he found courage to clasp in his hands the box containing the host, and hastened to the banquet. While Caraffa and the butler were thus gone, Alexander, affected by the extreme heat of the day, called for wine. The under-butler hastened to the sideboard, where he found six flasks placed apart from the rest; these he imagined to contain a superior description of wine, and therefore poured out a goblet full for the master of the feast. The Pope, eager to quench his thirst, and suspecting no danger, drank profusely of the wine, and handed the cup to his son, who drained it to the dregs. The attendants returned, and the party sat down to supper. The poison performed its work expeditiously. Alexander fell back in his chair, as if in a fit, and Cæsar was seized with exquisite pains and agonies. They were quickly conveyed to the Vatican. The Pope lingered for a few days, and in spite of all medical aid expired on the 18th of August, 1503, the victim of the draught he had prepared for others. The youth and vigorous constitution of Cæsar enabled him to recover.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

CHURCH AND STATE.—So long as English and Scotch Dissenters looked to the United States as the model of what a Christian commonwealth ought to be, Dissent was synonymous with Republicanism, open or disguised. But the history of Voluntaryism in the United States during the last twenty years has not been calculated to make the sober-thinking middle classes of England believe that the cause of true religion, of national morality, or of good government, would be promoted by the abolition of the national Church. If the people of Great Britain were polled at the present moment with a view to ascertain what their opinions are with regard to the Church of England, we feel persuaded than an overwhelming majority would be in favor of its maintenance; and, if it is to be maintained, common sense would naturally say that it ought to be made as efficient as possible. * * * Twenty years ago the Voluntary movement was ten times stronger than it is at present, because it had the religious element in it. The men who took up that cause believed that the overthrow of the Established Church would be a great step towards the exaltation of Christ's kingdom upon earth, and their belief was founded in a great measure upon the reports they had heard of the triumphant success of the Voluntary principle in the United States. But of late years the news from the other side of the Atlantic has not been of such a character as to make English Dissenters believe that religion has so powerful an influence over the American Government as it has over that of Great Britain. Tried by that practical rule, the